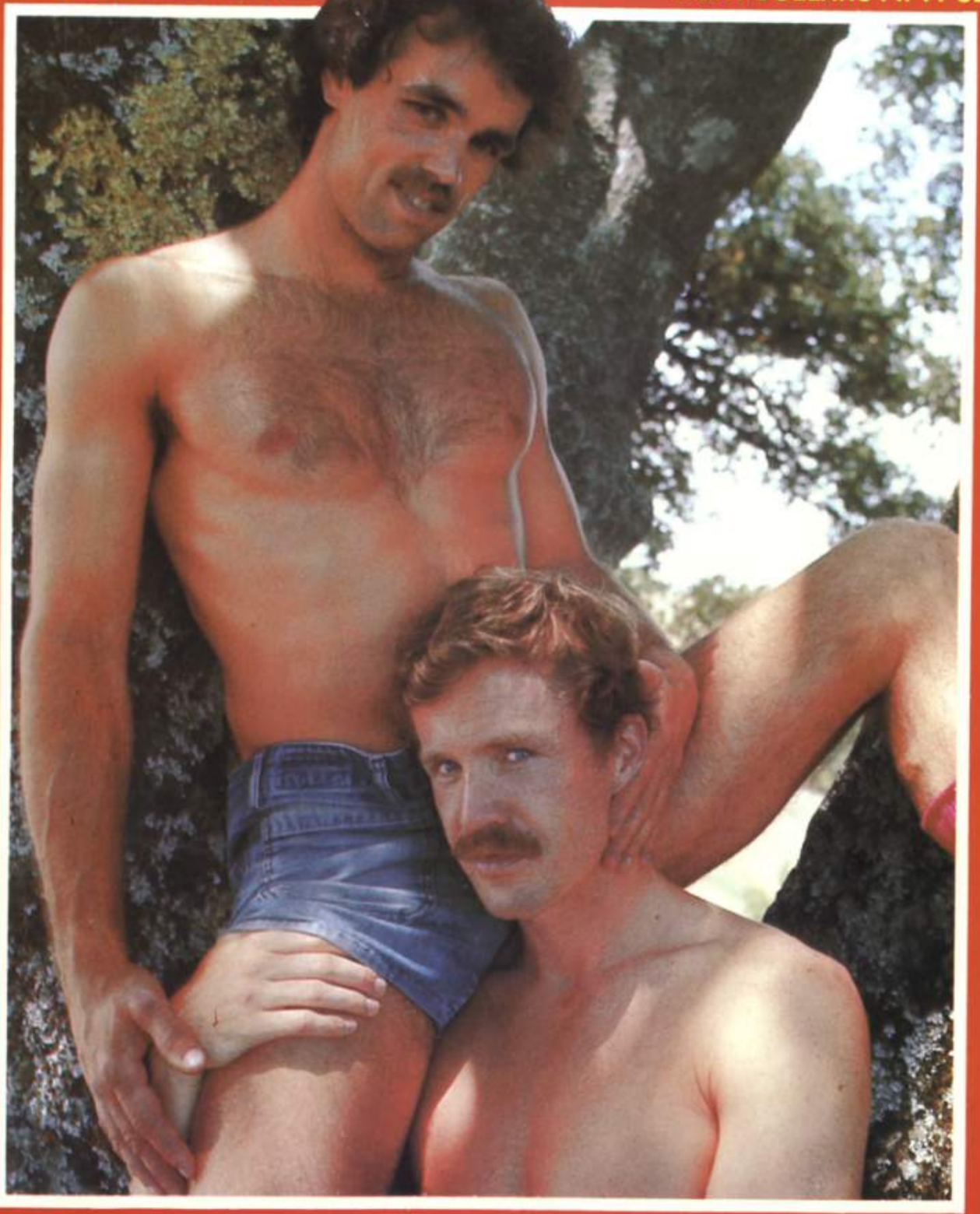
ODYSSEY

NUMBER ONE OF A SERIES

EIGHT DOLLARS FIFTY CENTS



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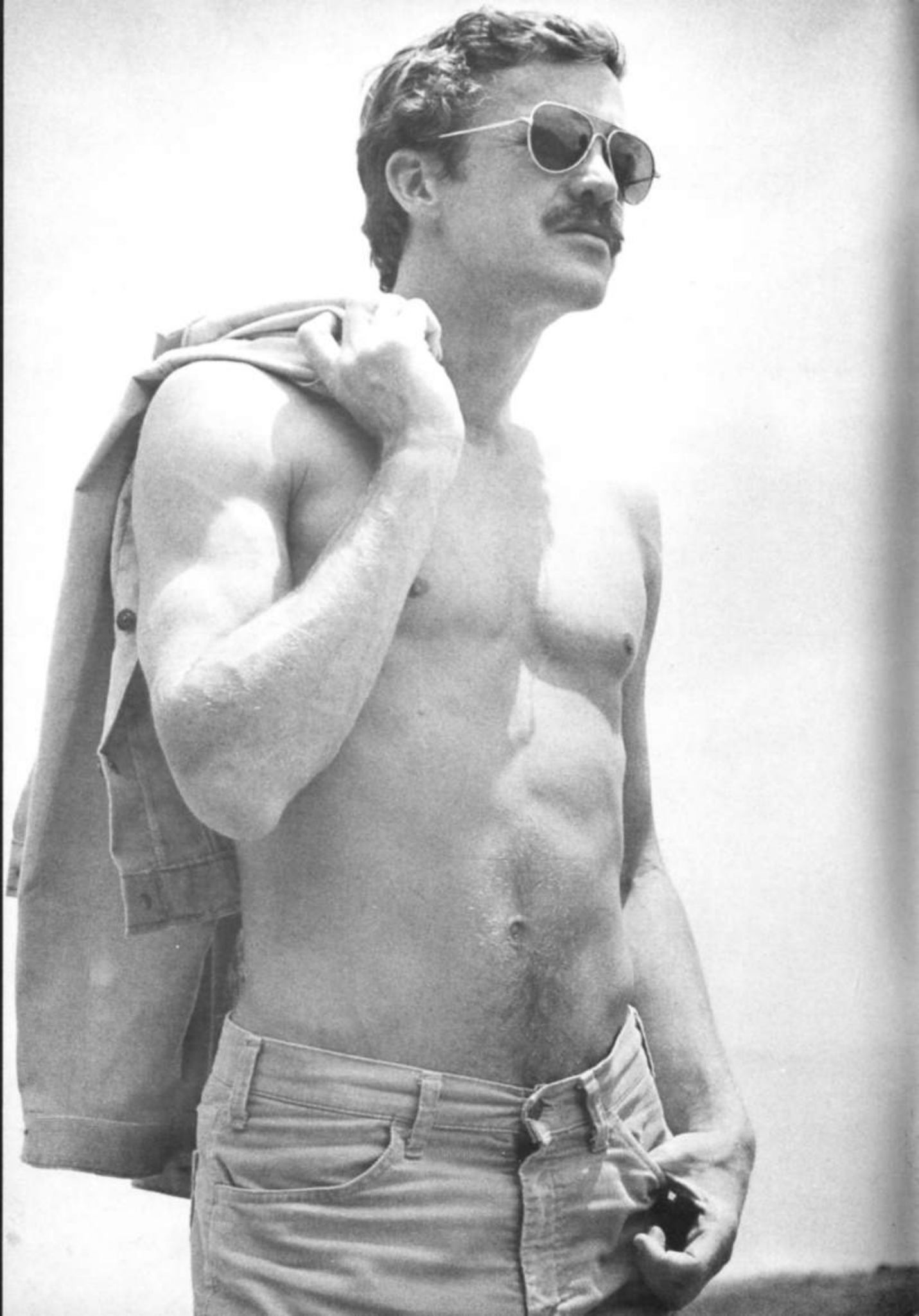


ODYSSEY

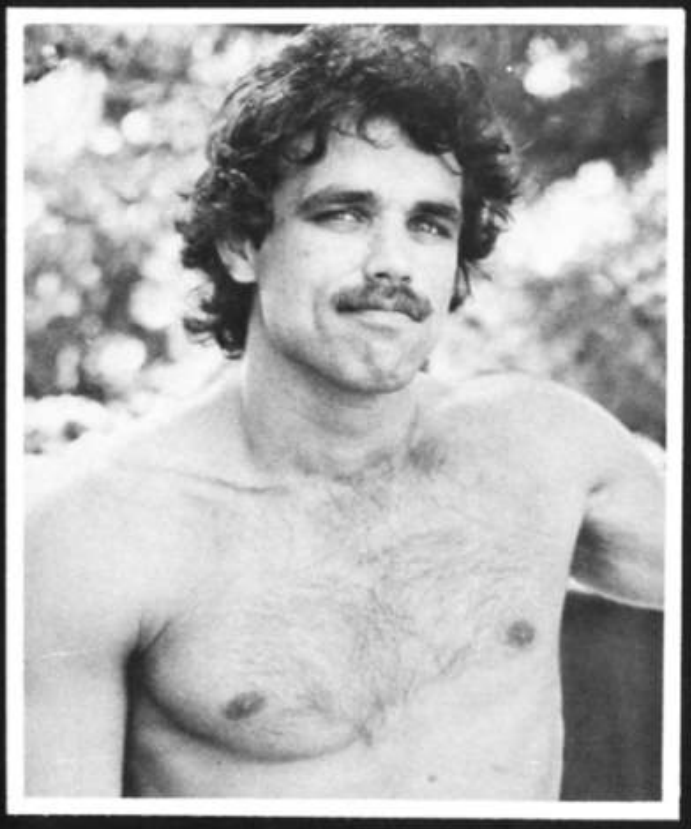
. . . There are wanderers o'er Eternity
whose bark drives on and on,
and anchored ne'er shall be.
—BYRON

You've known these wanderers surely. They've come unlooked for and then, too quickly, passed through your life like those proverbial ships in the night, sharing with you intense-if-brief episodes that are now only fond memories—but what memories!

With this *Odyssey* series we'll tell the photo stories of such wanderers and their fleeting encounters . . . meetings and couplings reaching sheer peaks of release and making beautiful memories.

Our first wanderer we'll call Joe Andrews. Select and experienced, leanly handsome, sandy-haired Joe isn't one for pushing his personal river, being content to drift instead with the changing currents, over the rapids and falls along the way, to the estuary and eventual tide pools of his life.

Come join him now as he meets and mixes with spaniel-eyed Stan—younger, somewhat less-experienced to be sure, but no-less wholly open and responsive . . . so responsive!



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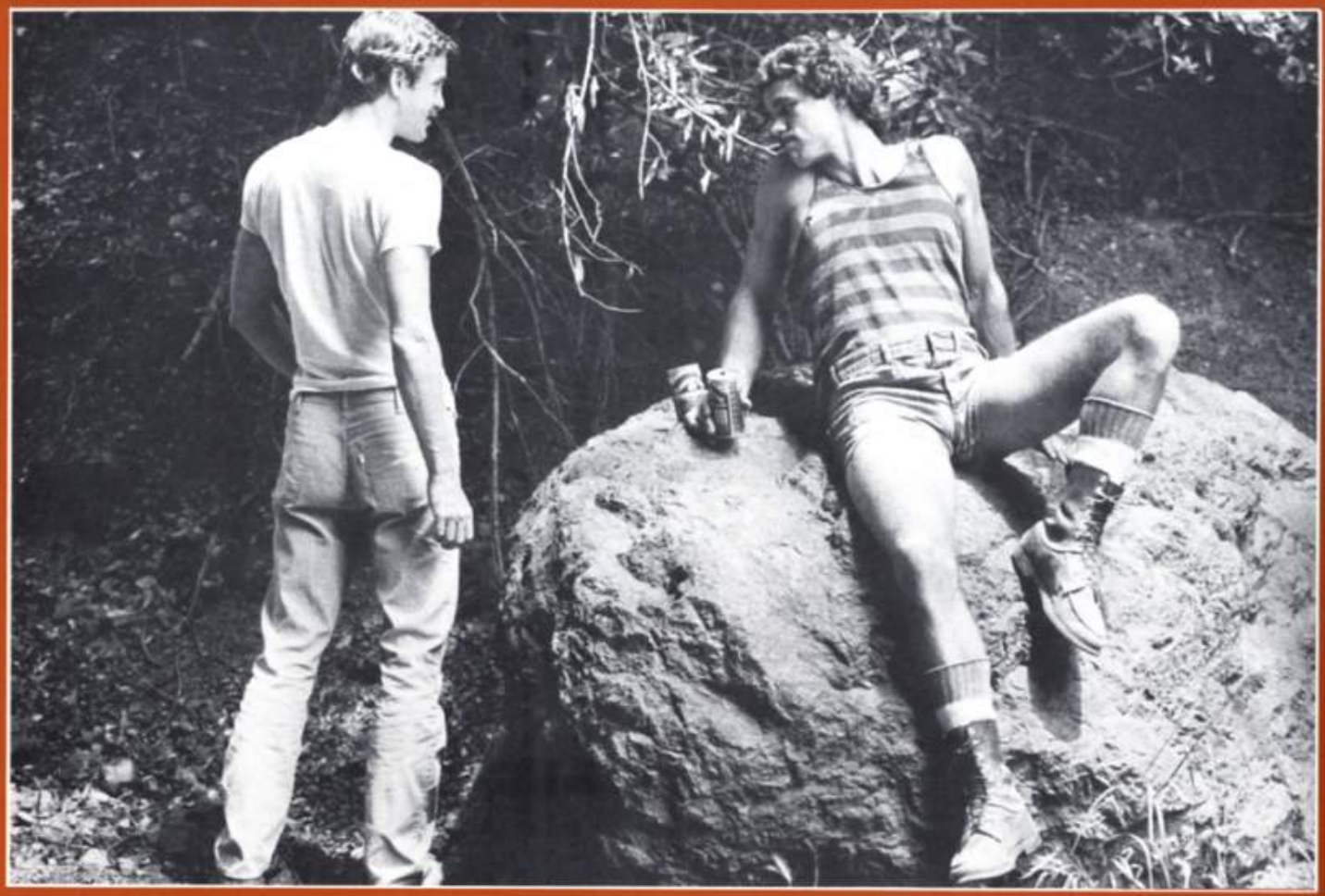
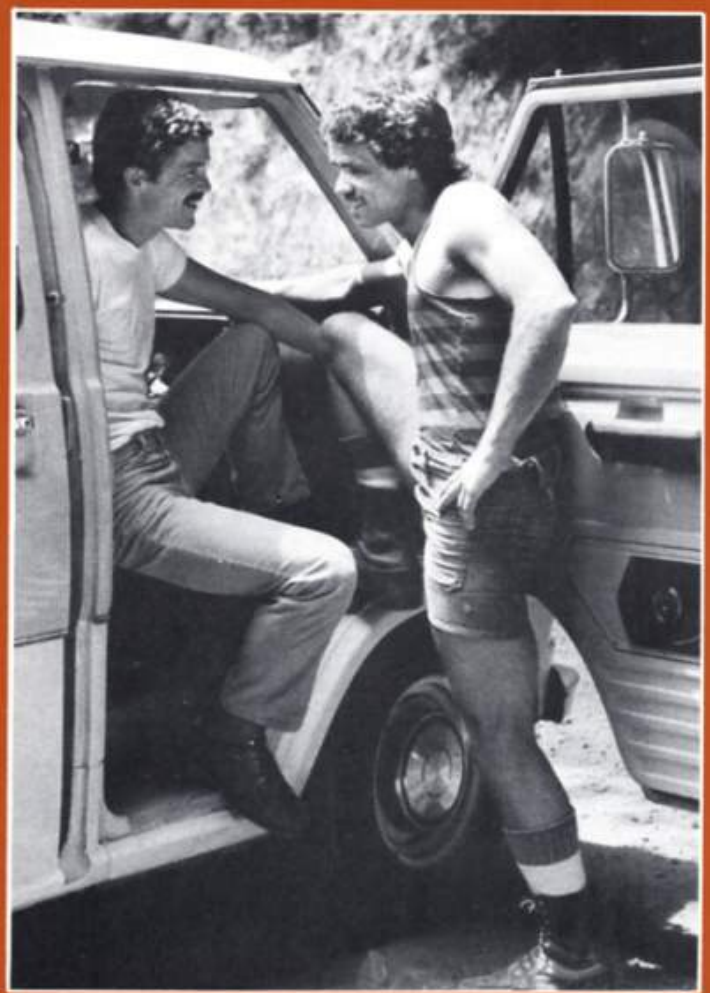
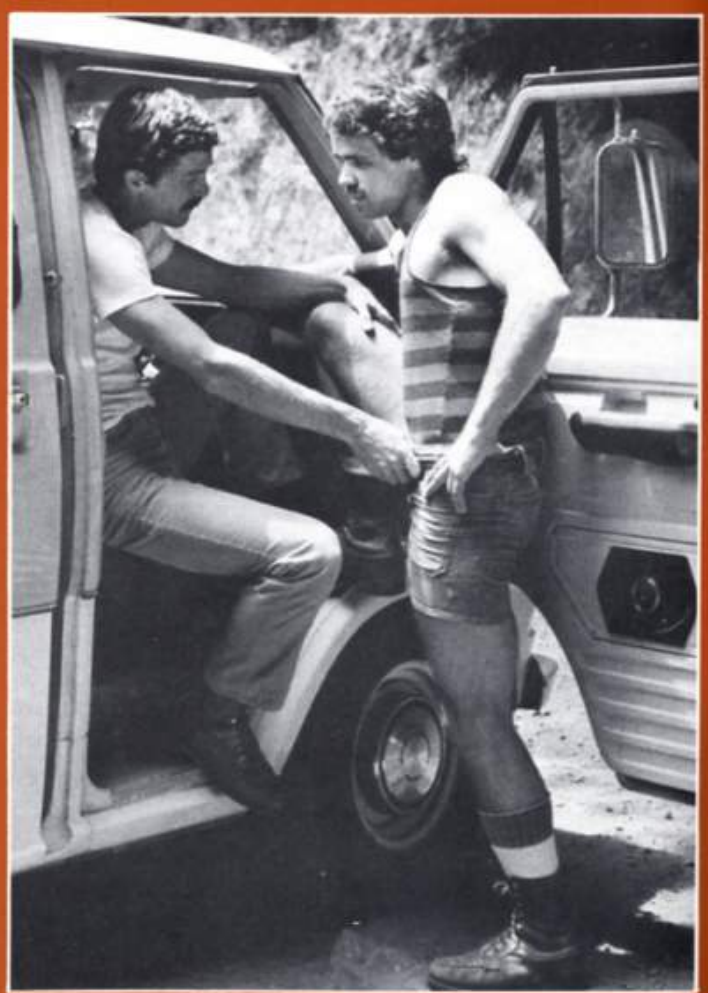
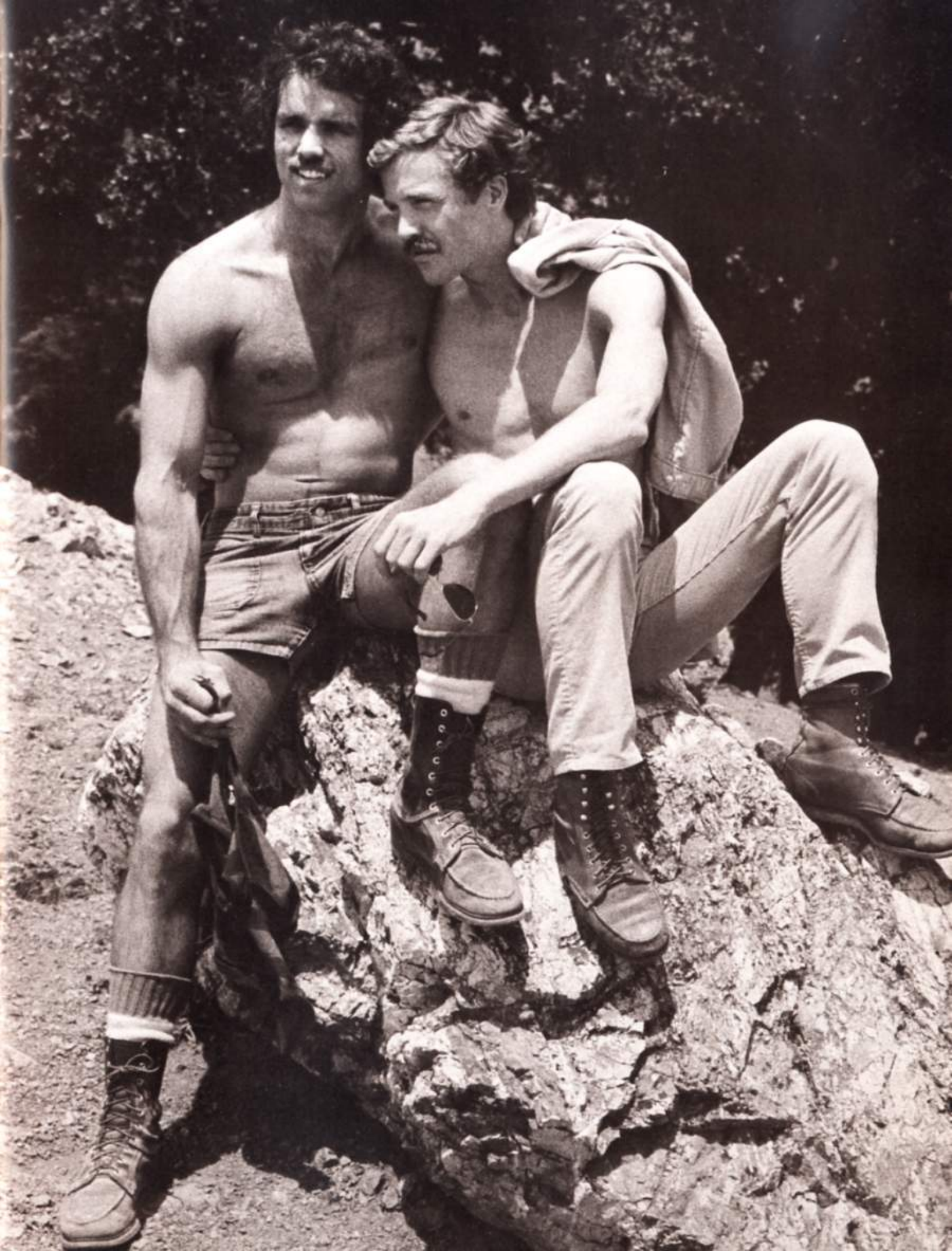
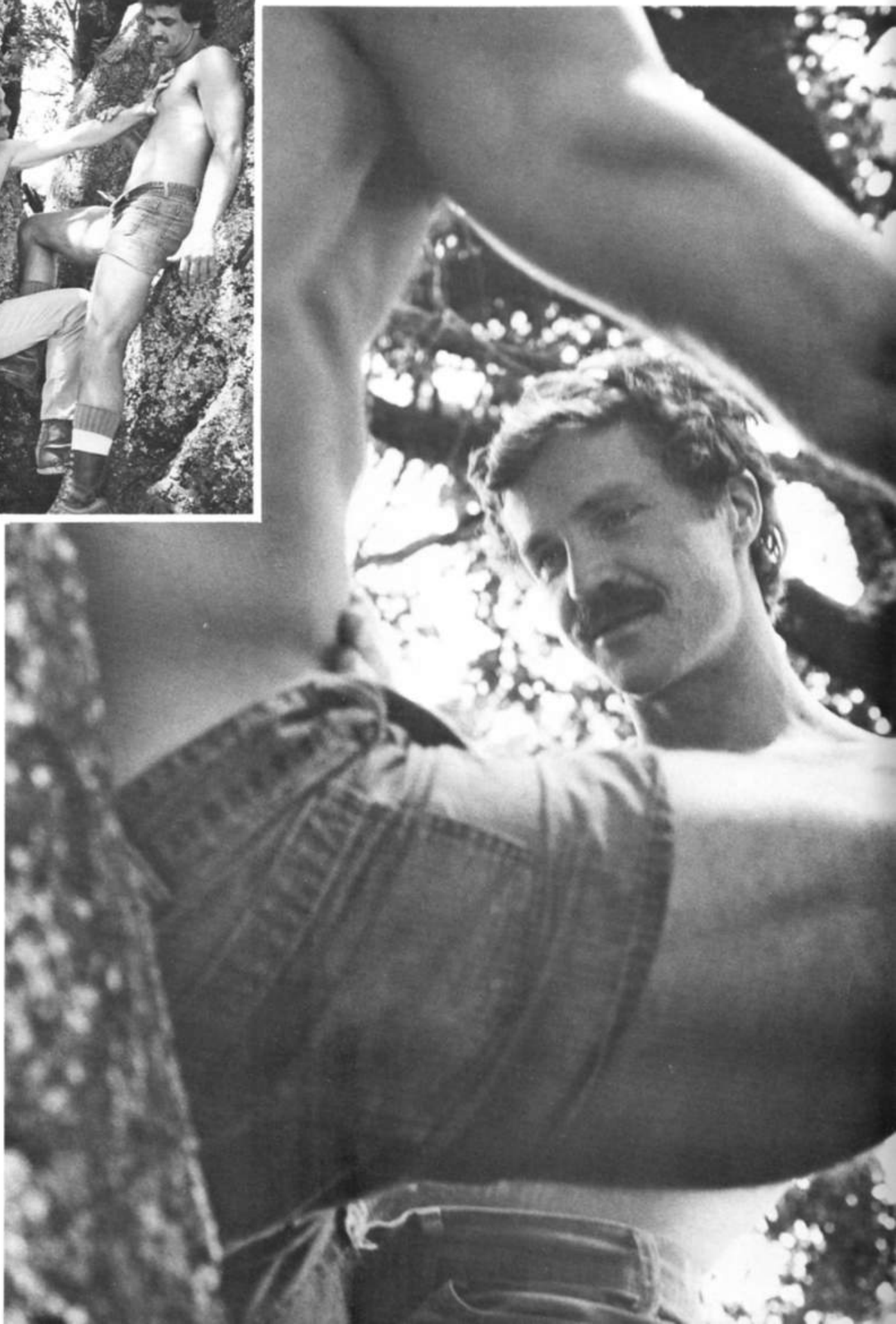
The photos for ODYSSEY No. 1 were posed by professional models and the text accompanying these photos is not intended to portray the actual names or conduct of the models.

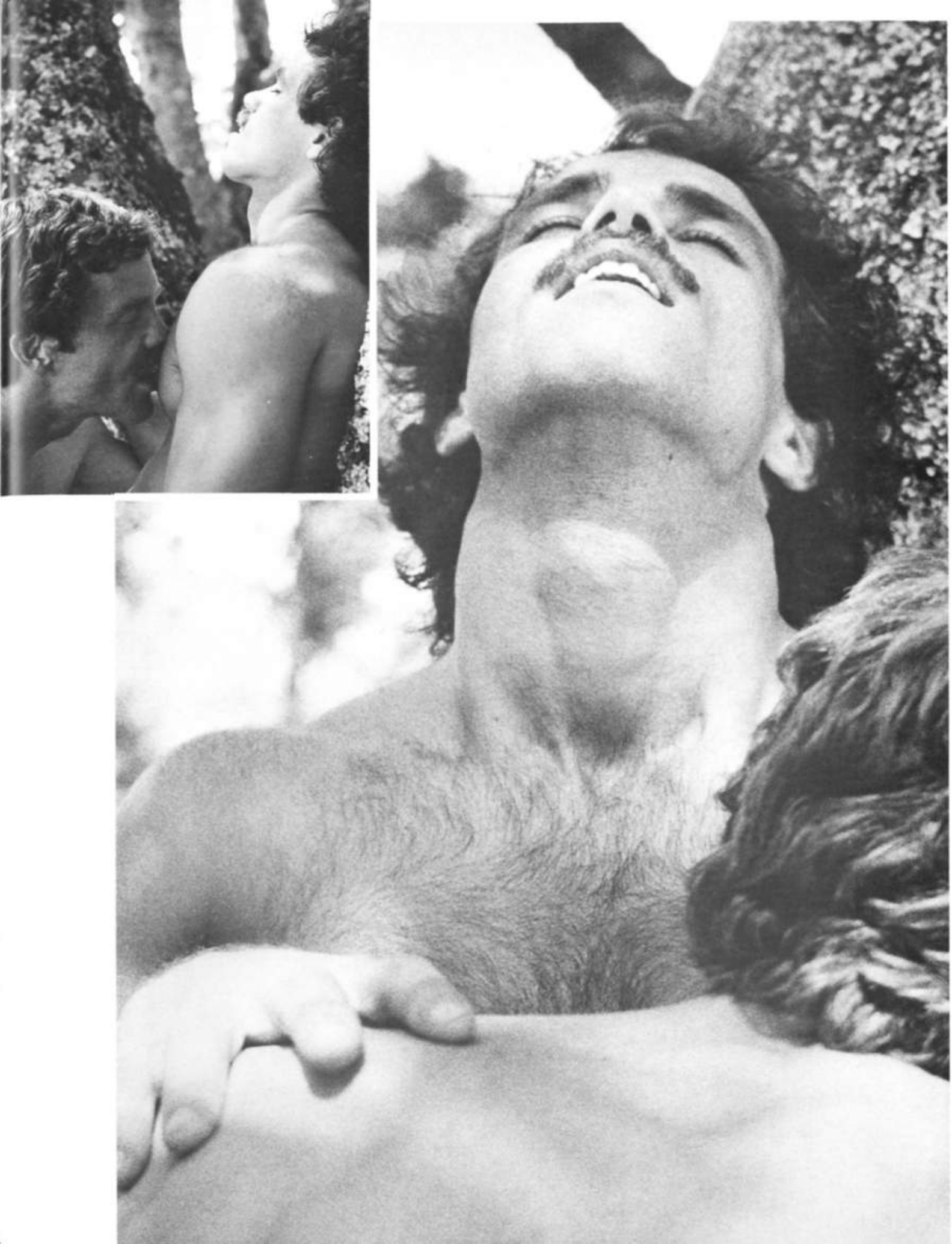


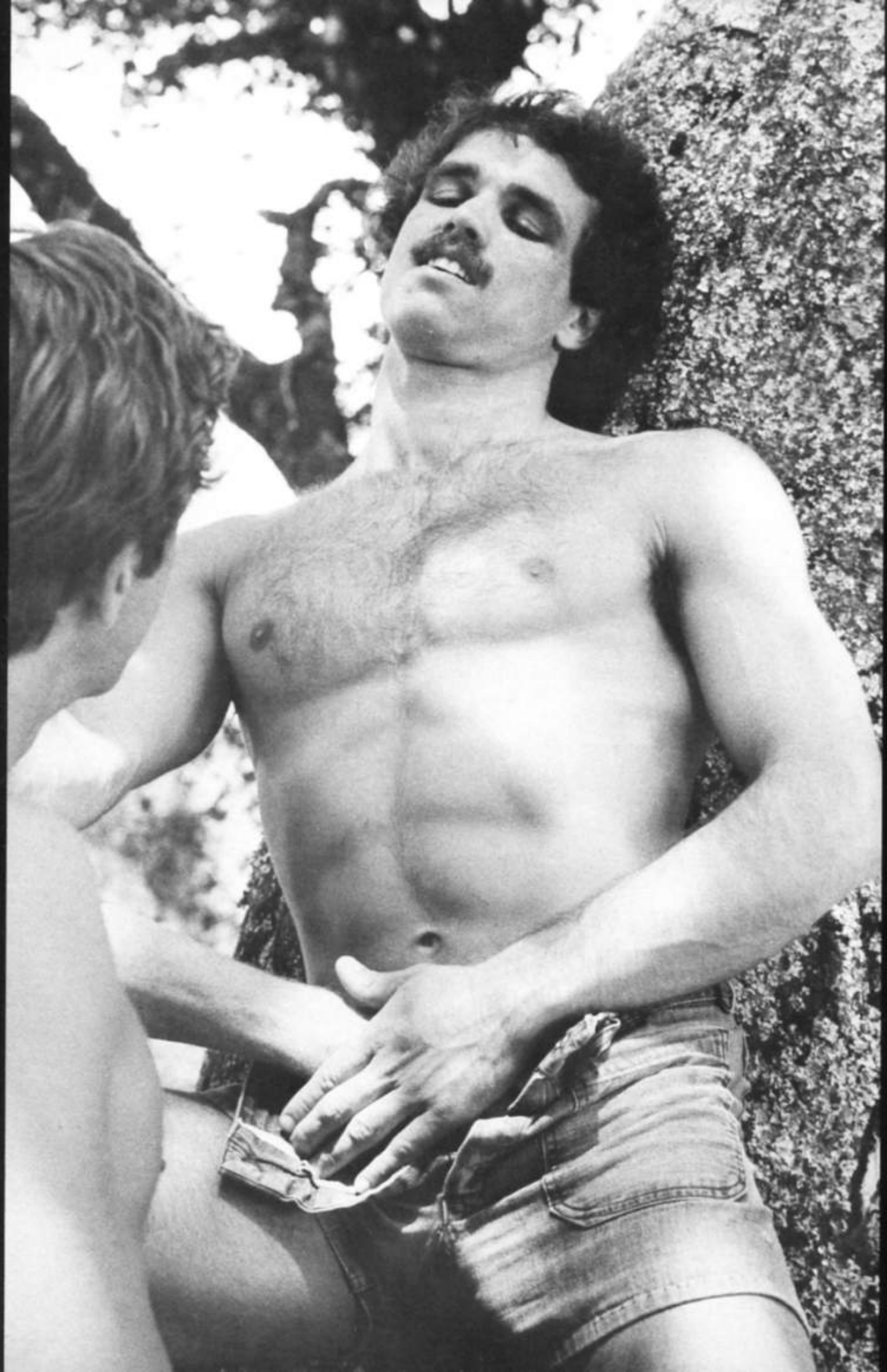


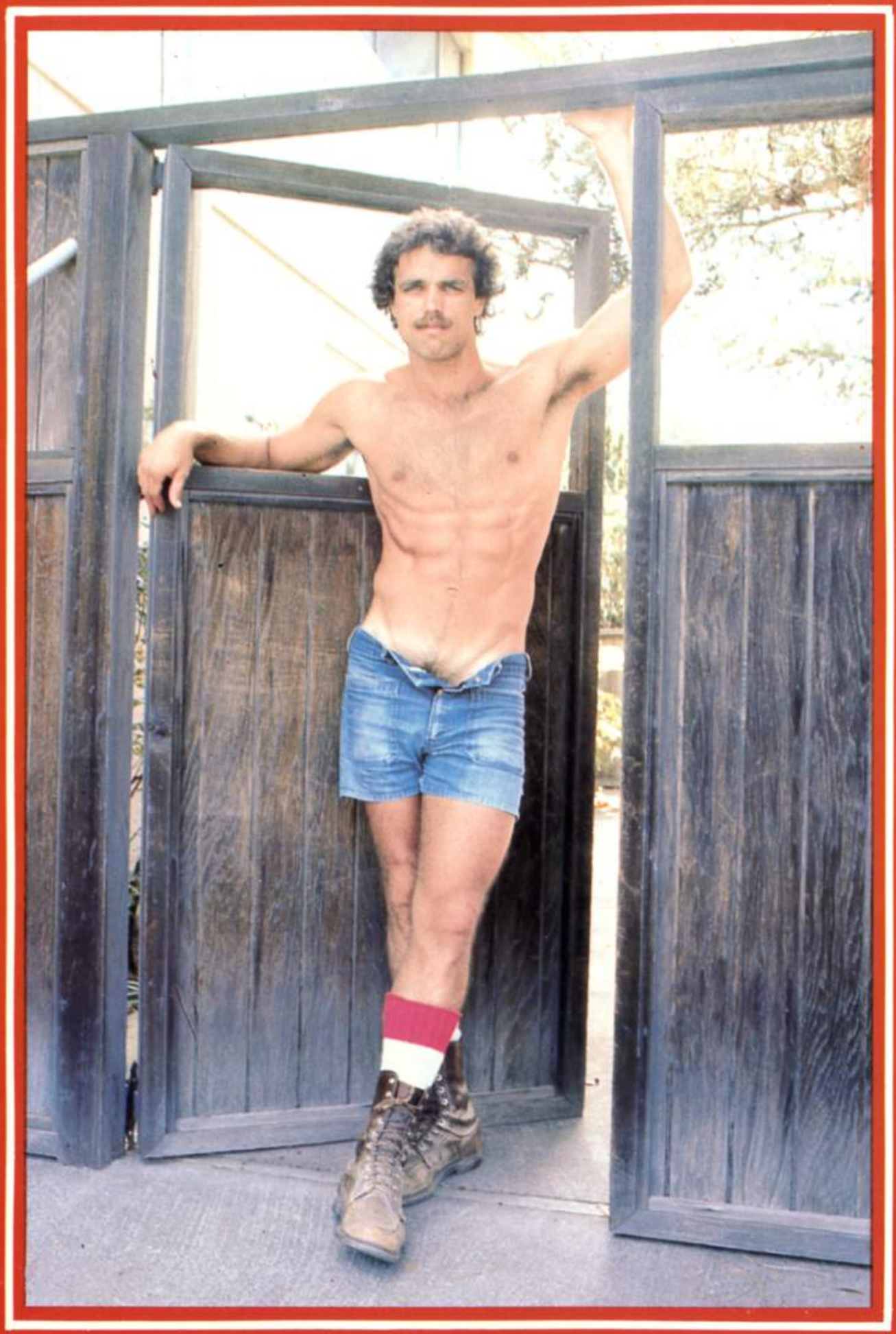


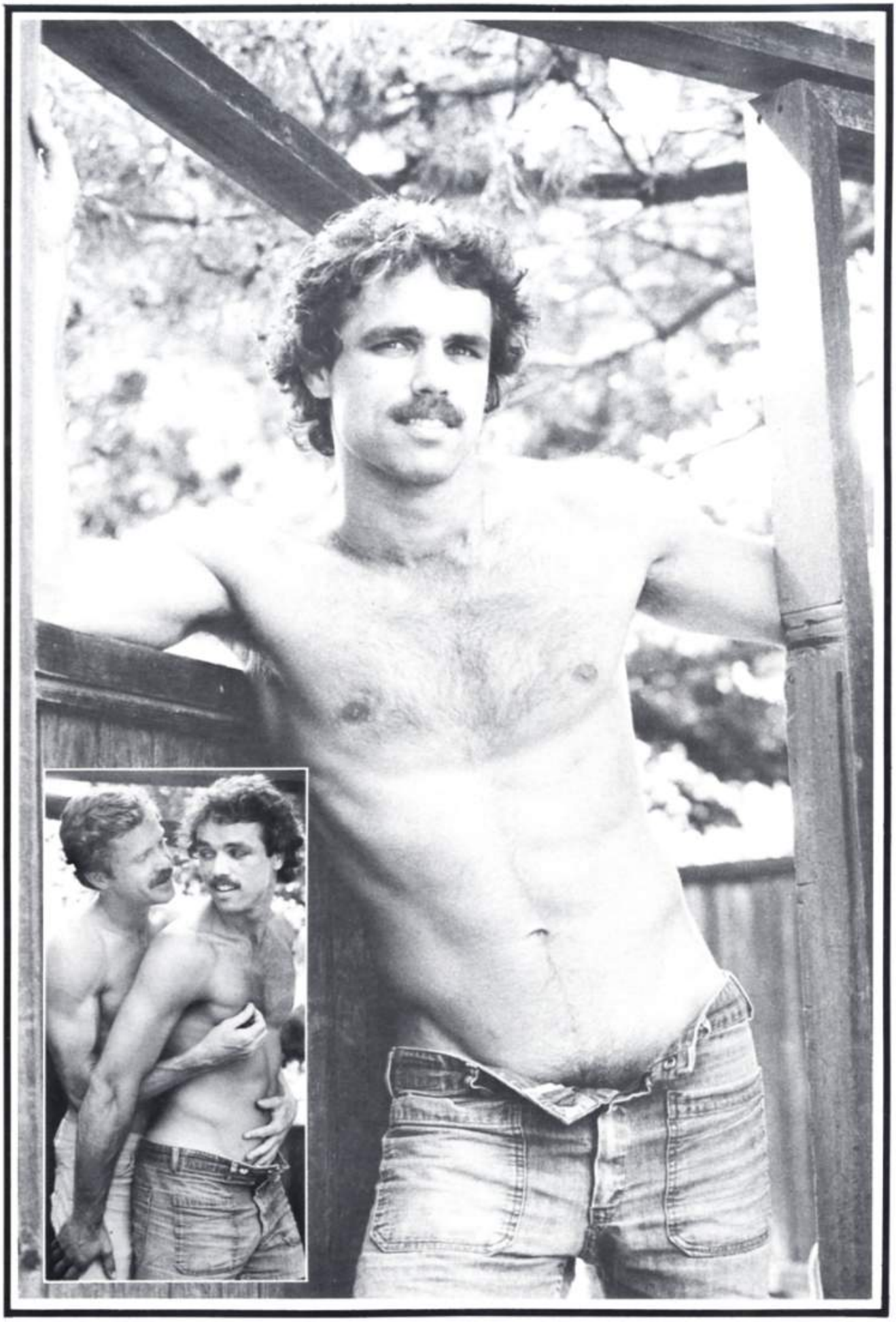


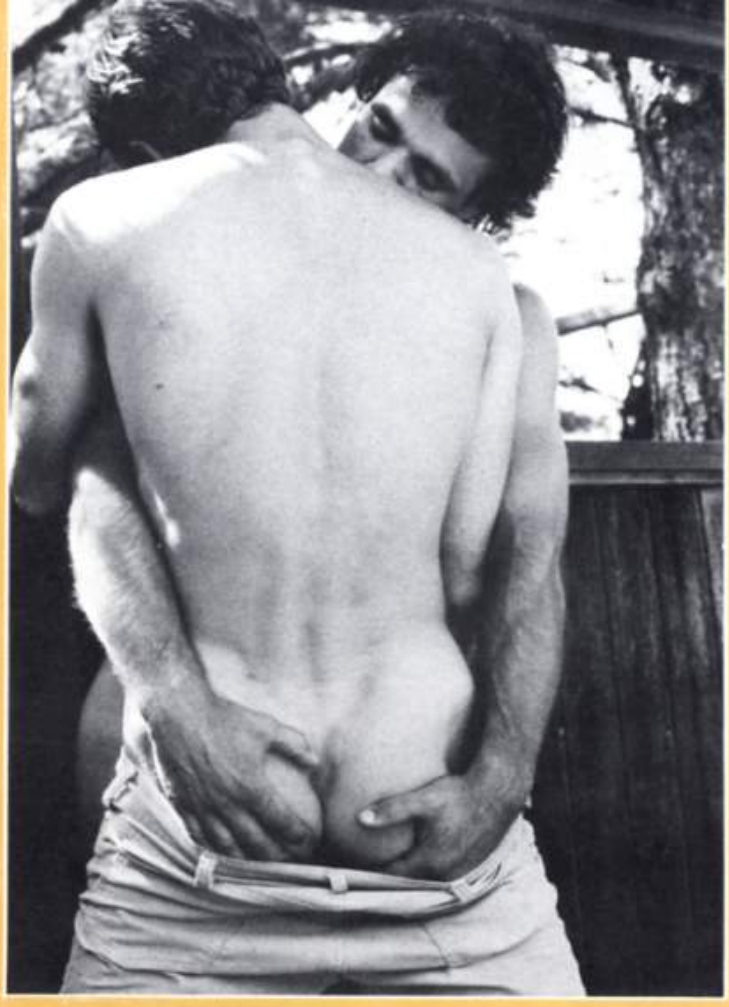


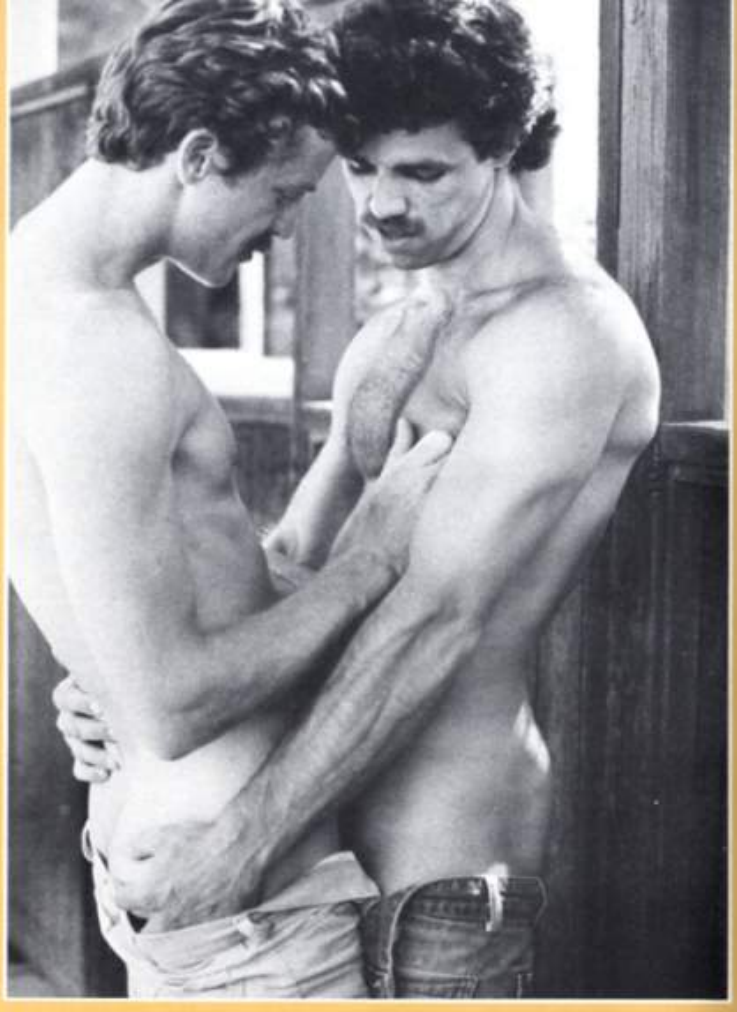


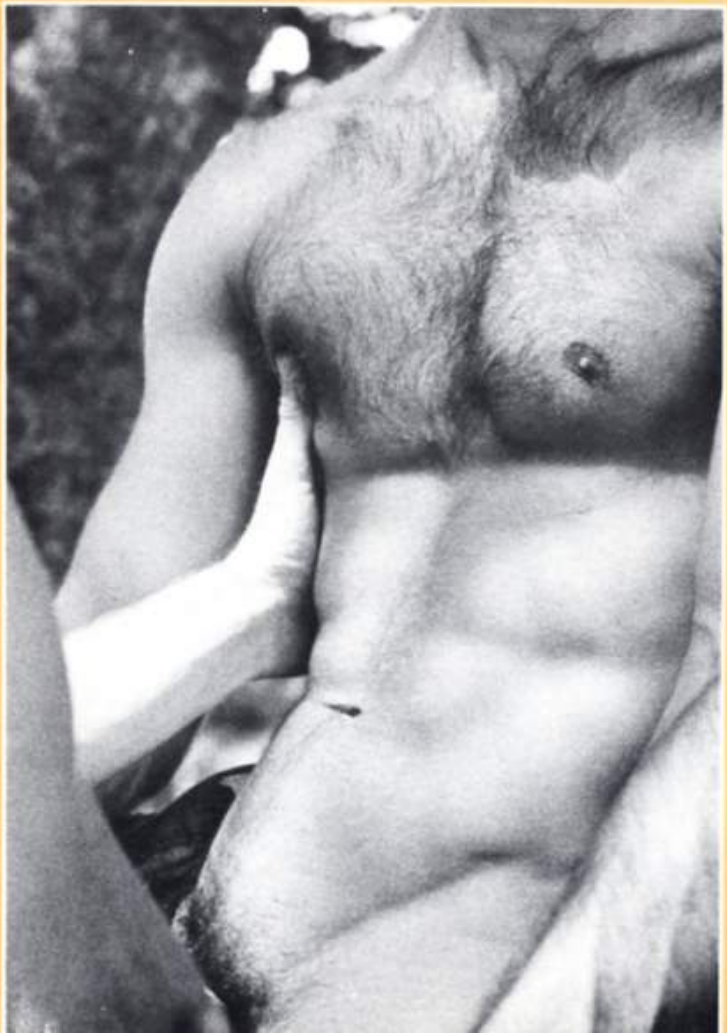


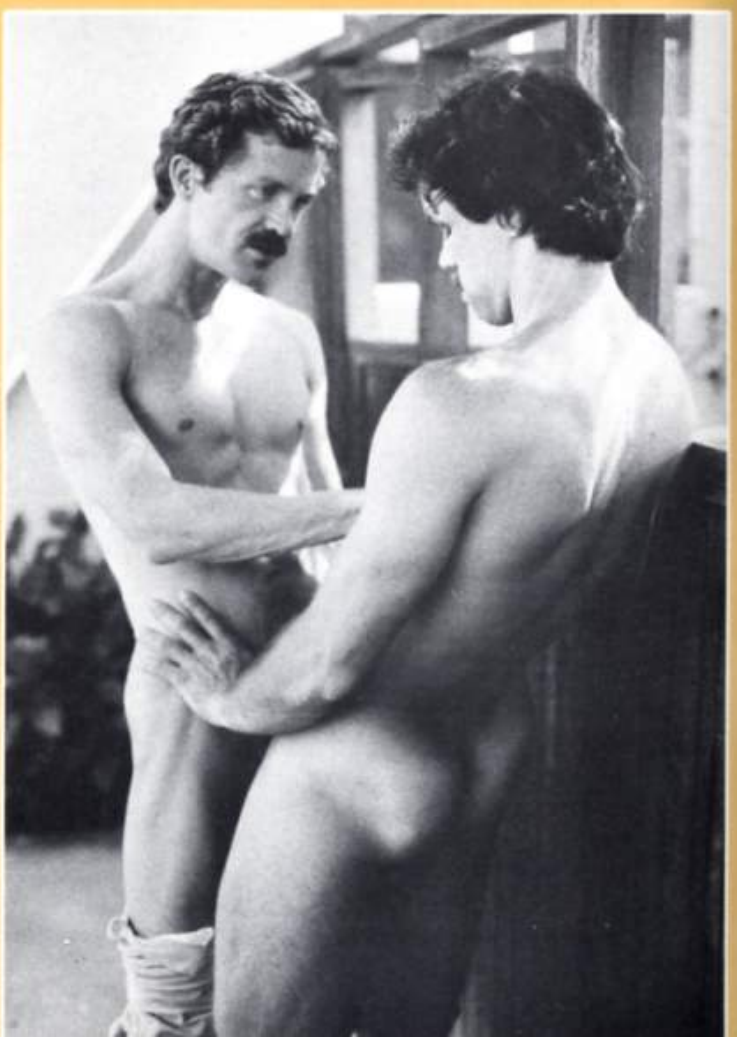


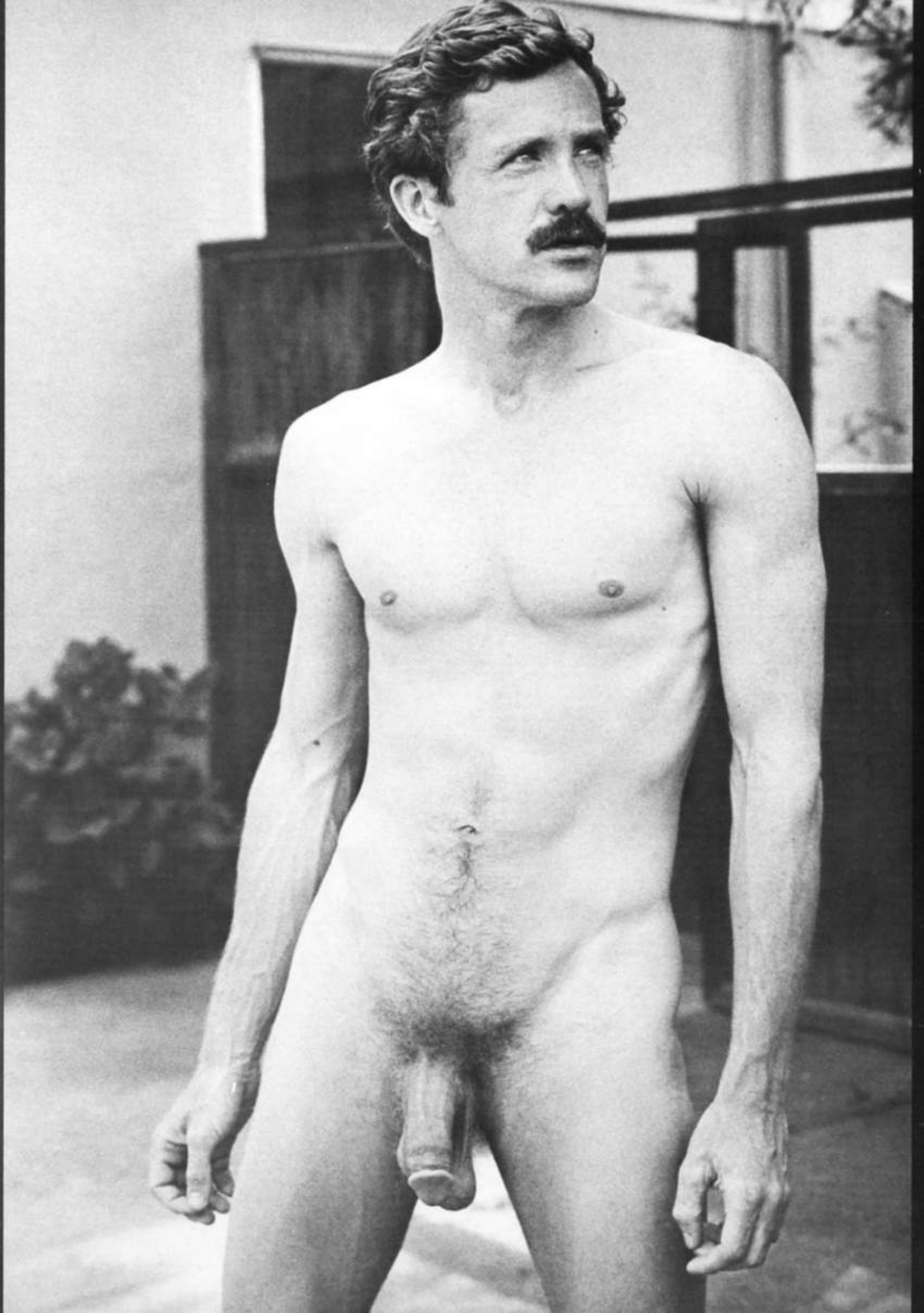


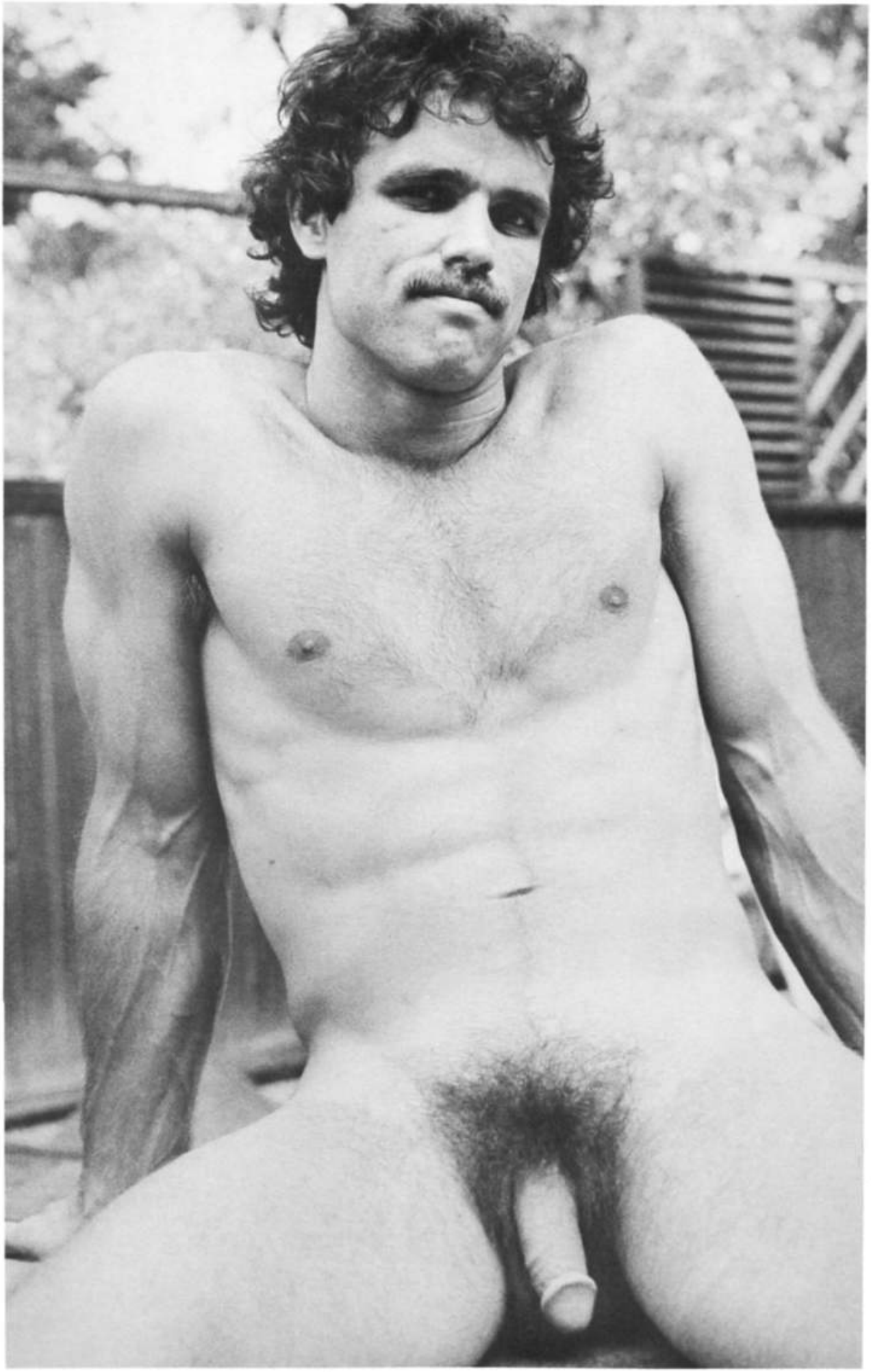


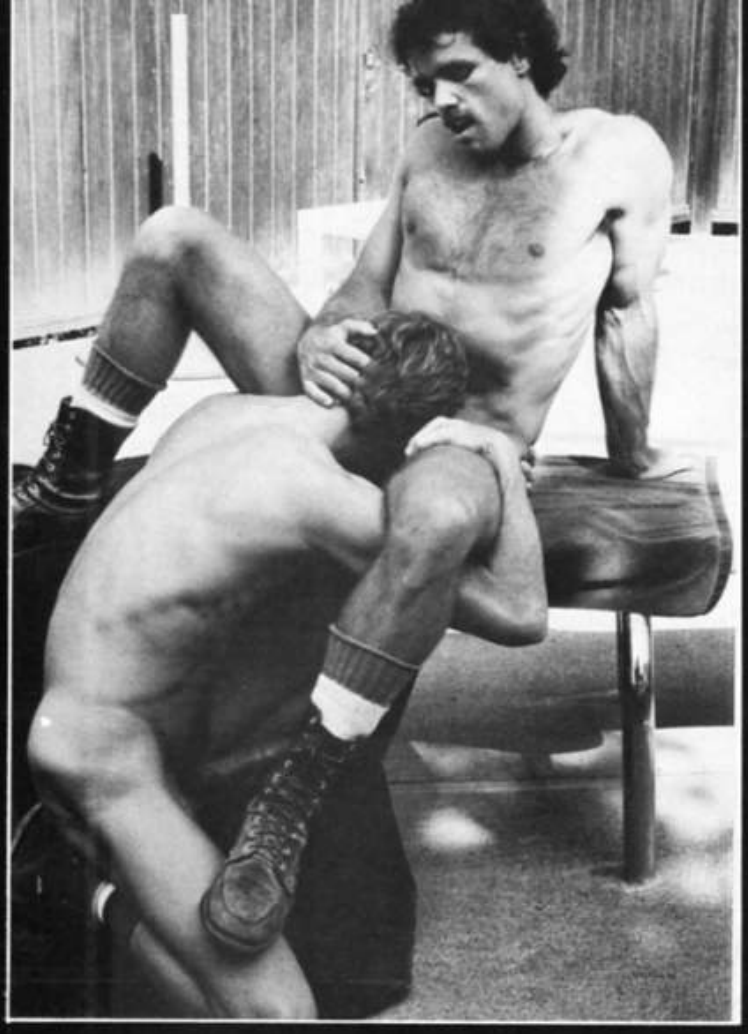


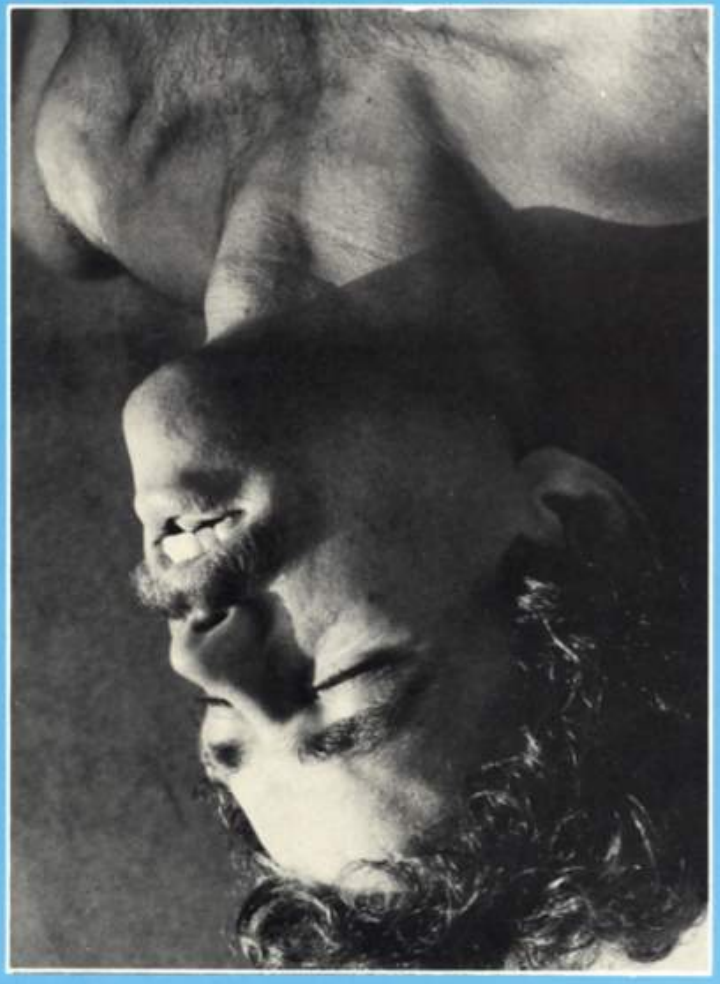


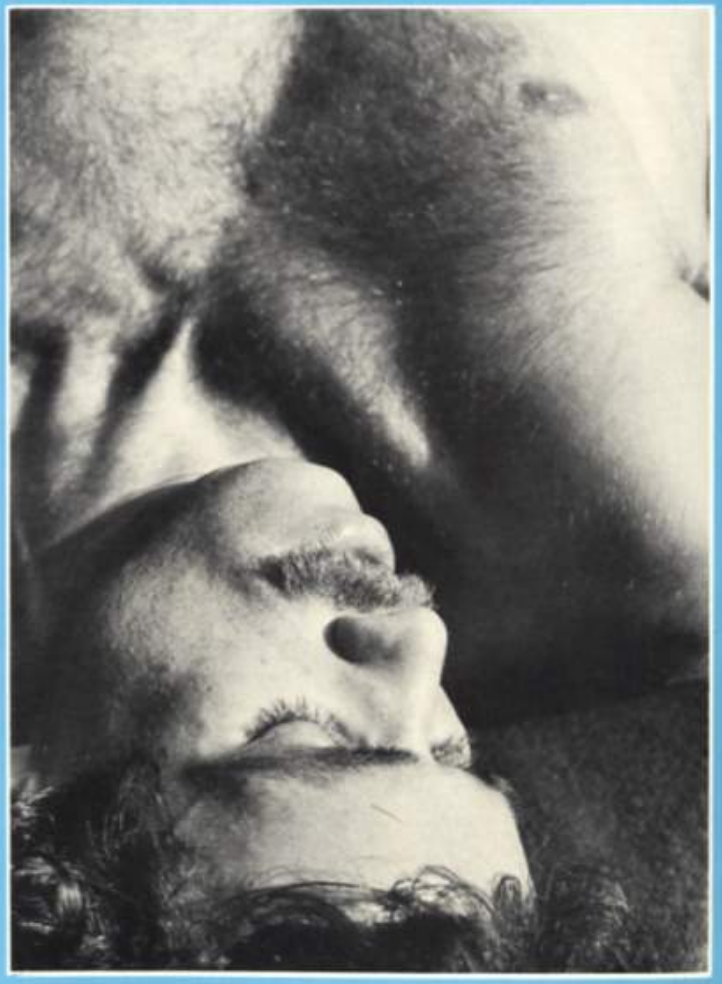


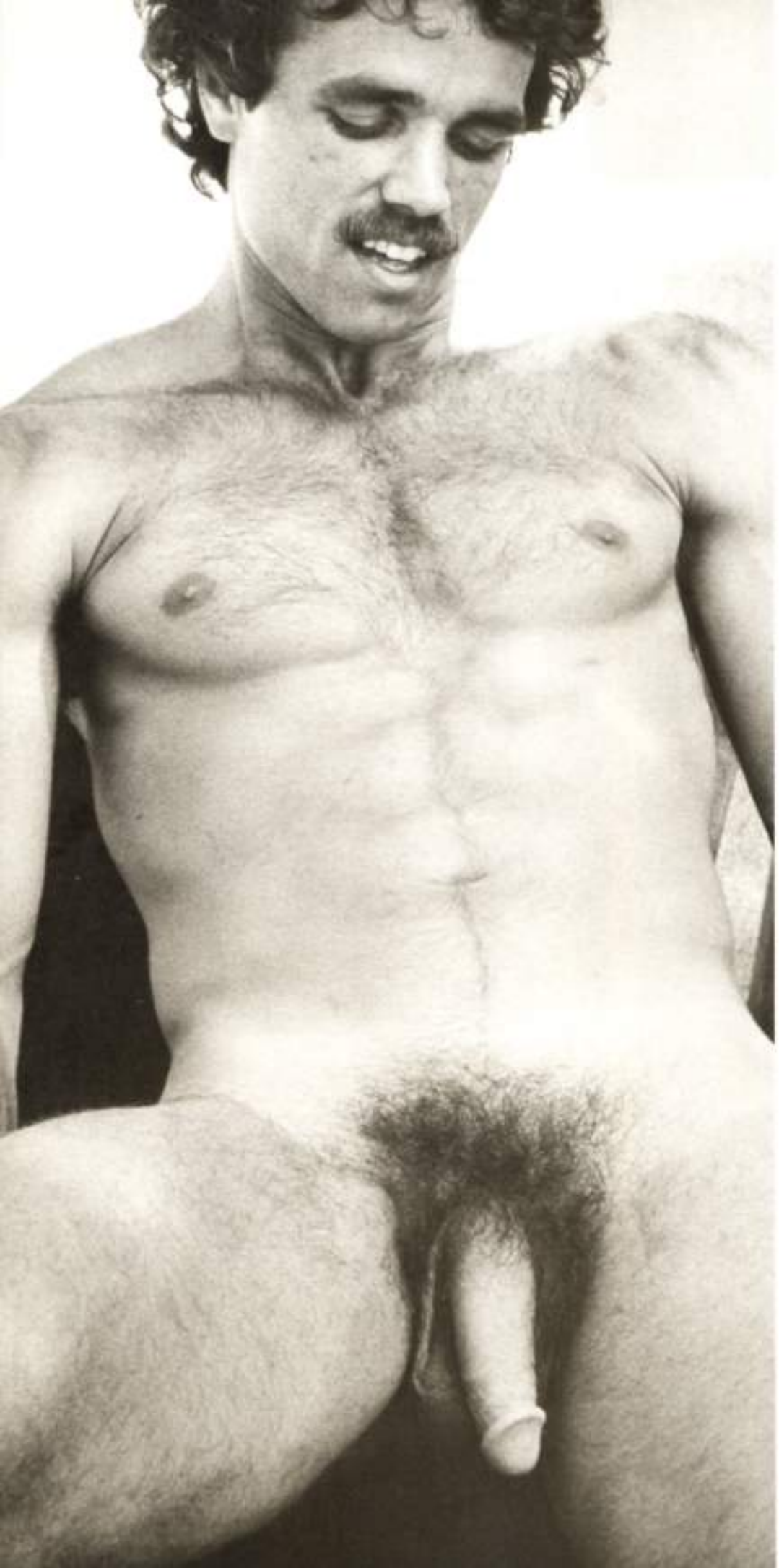


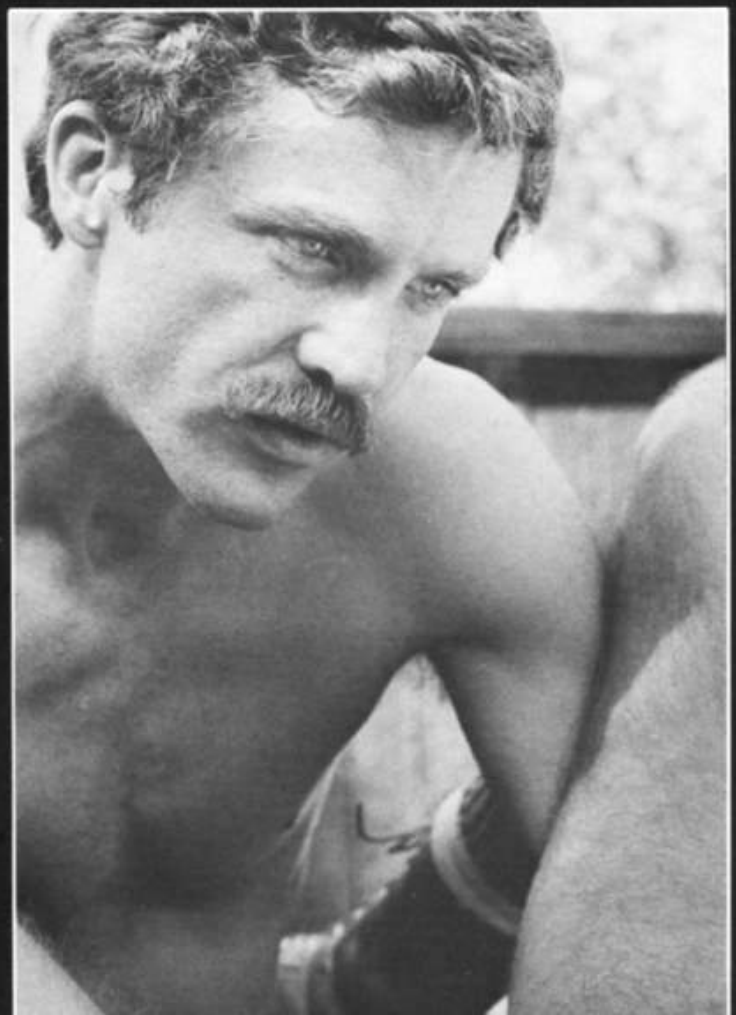


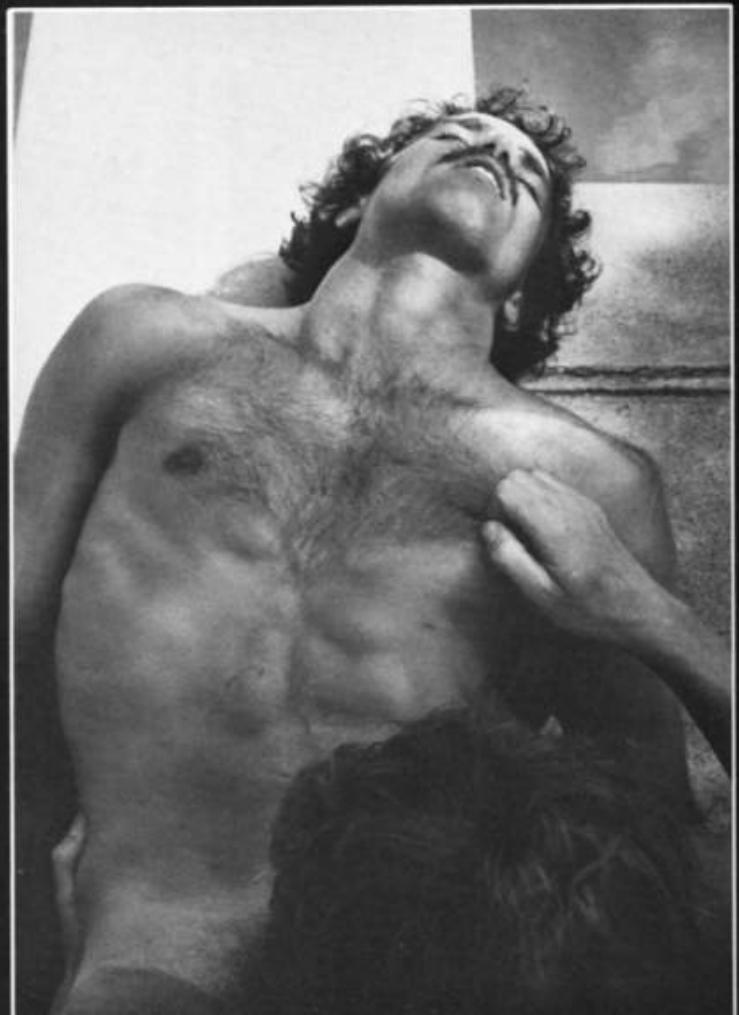


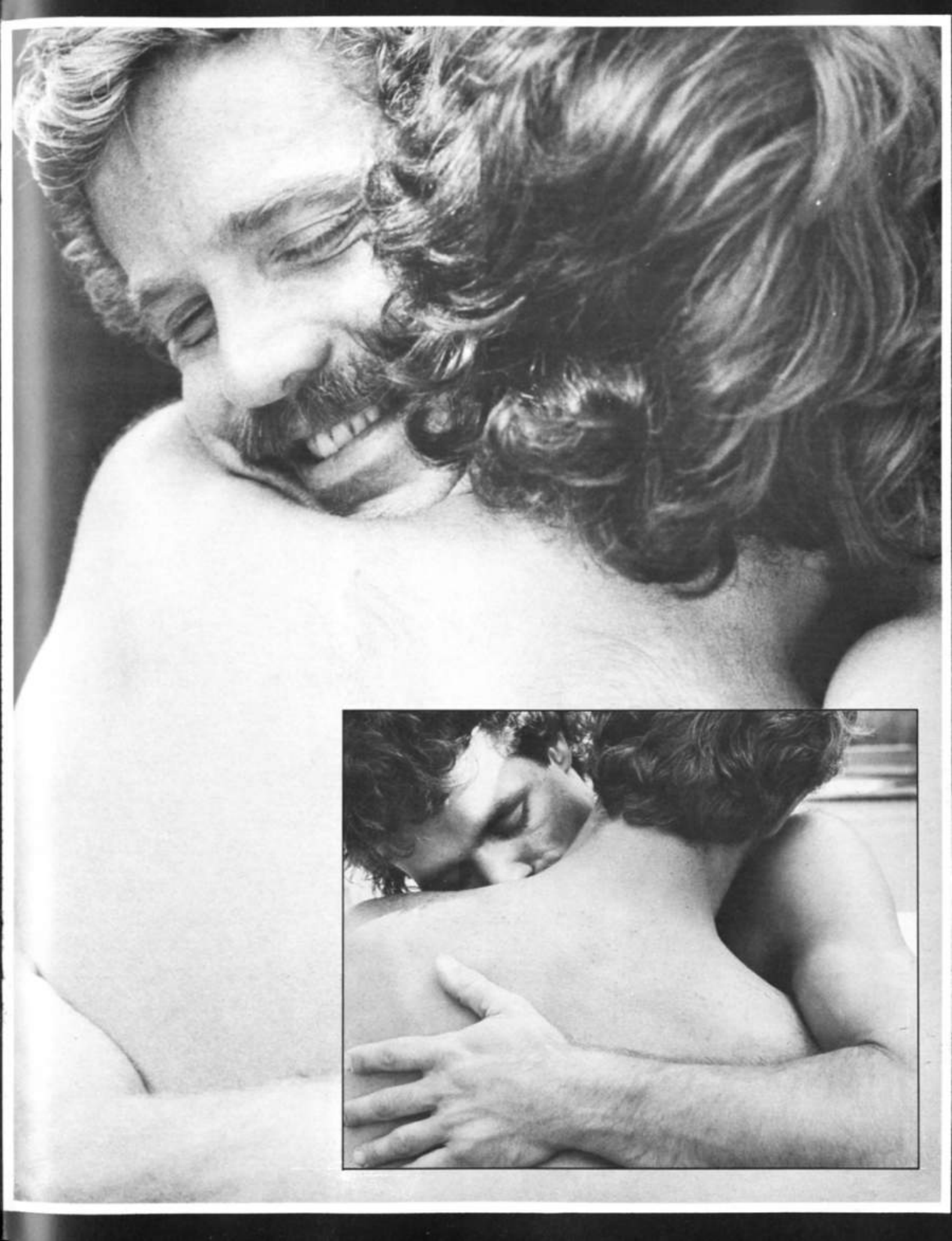


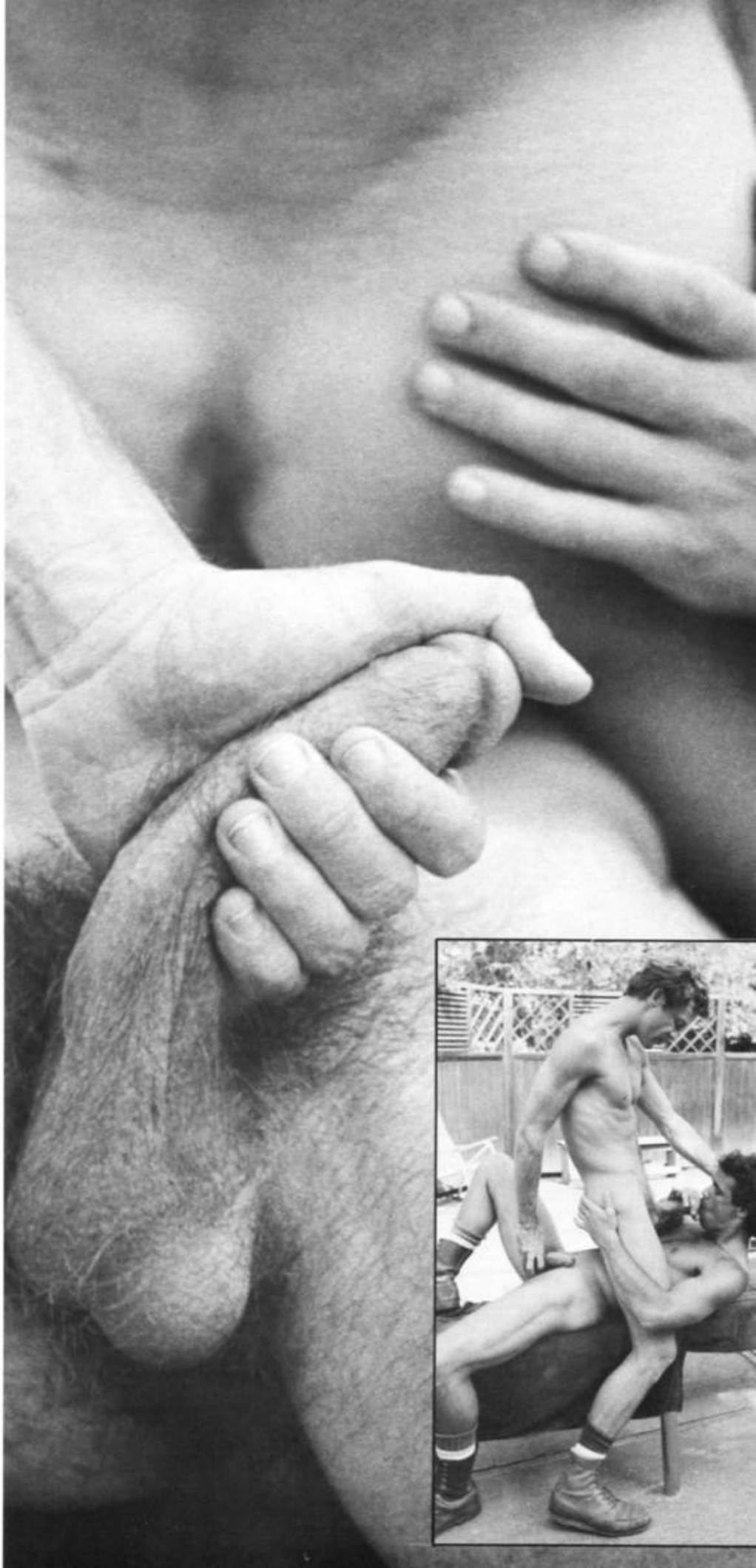


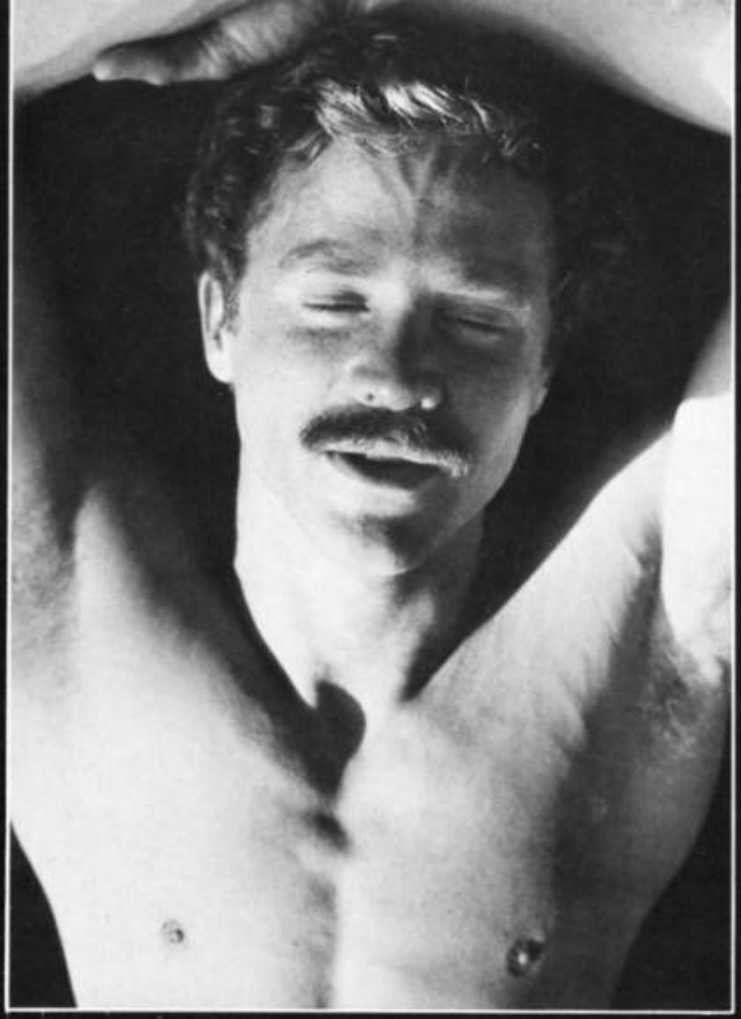


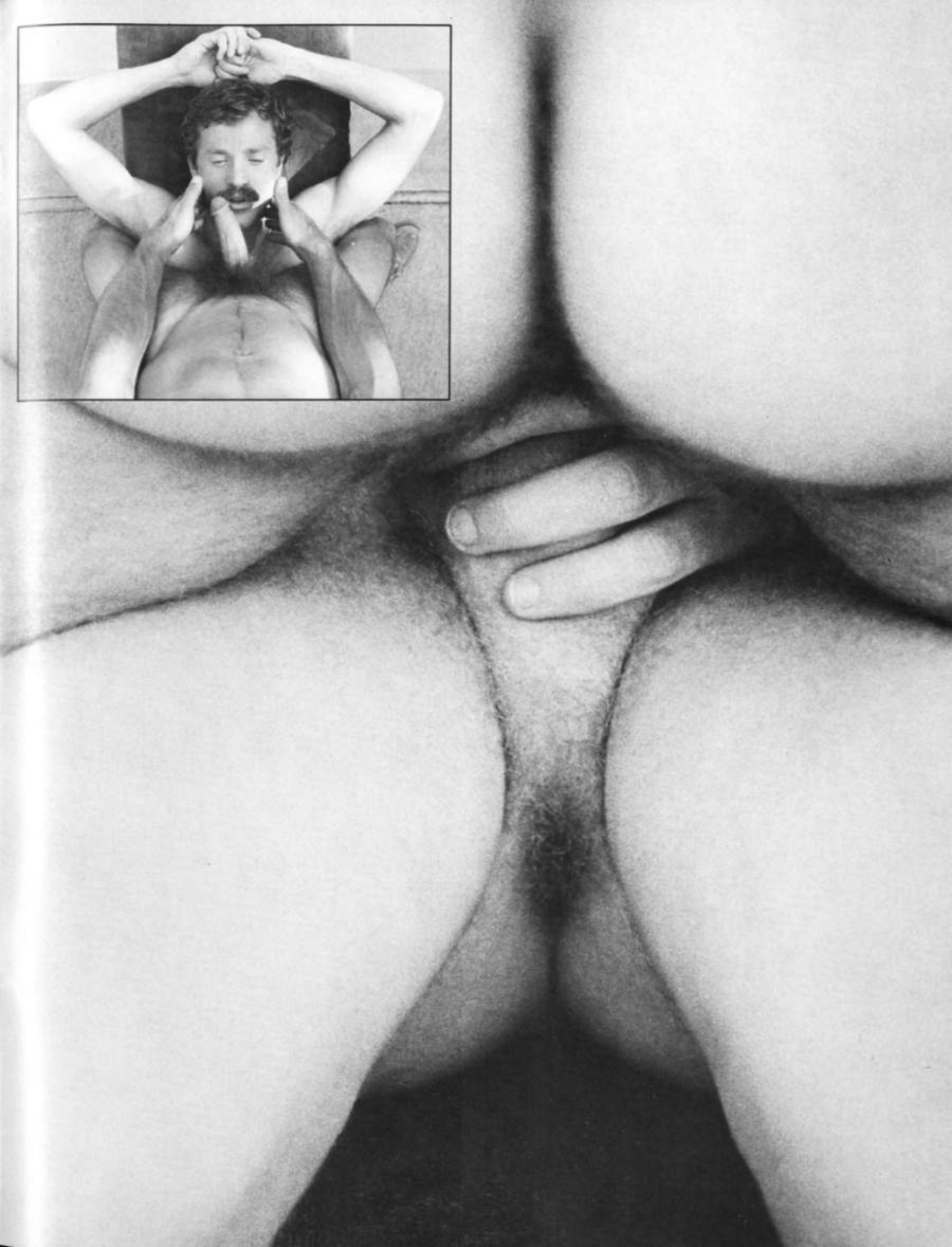


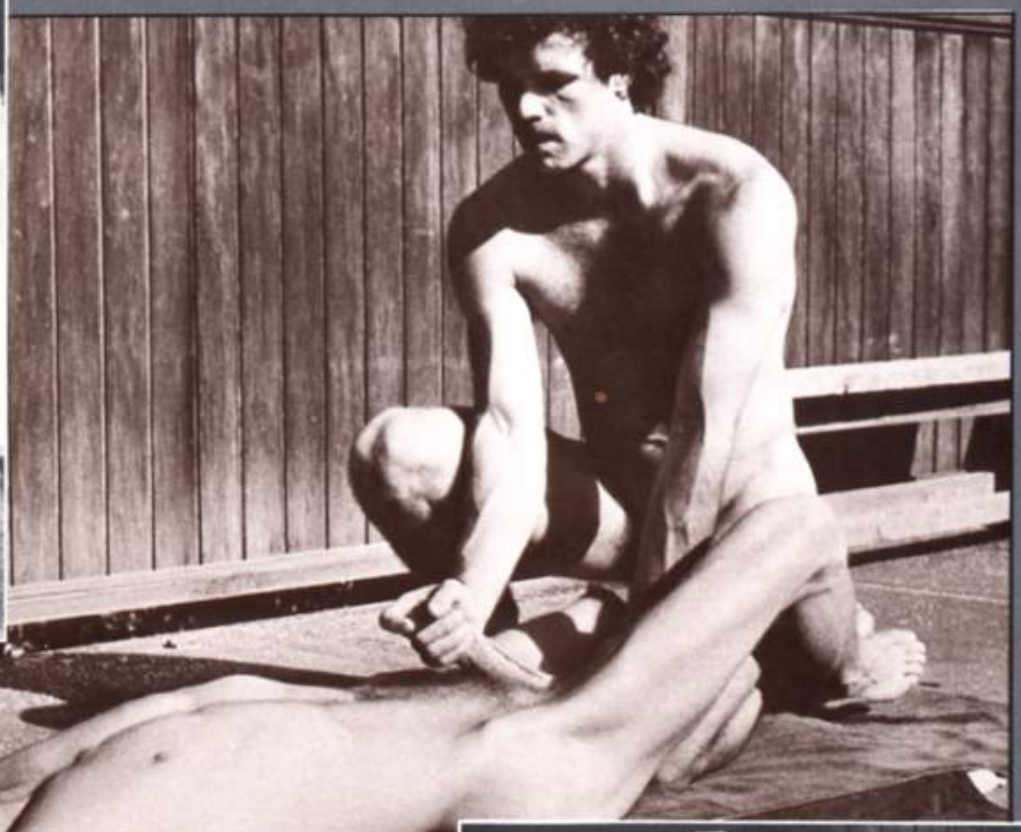


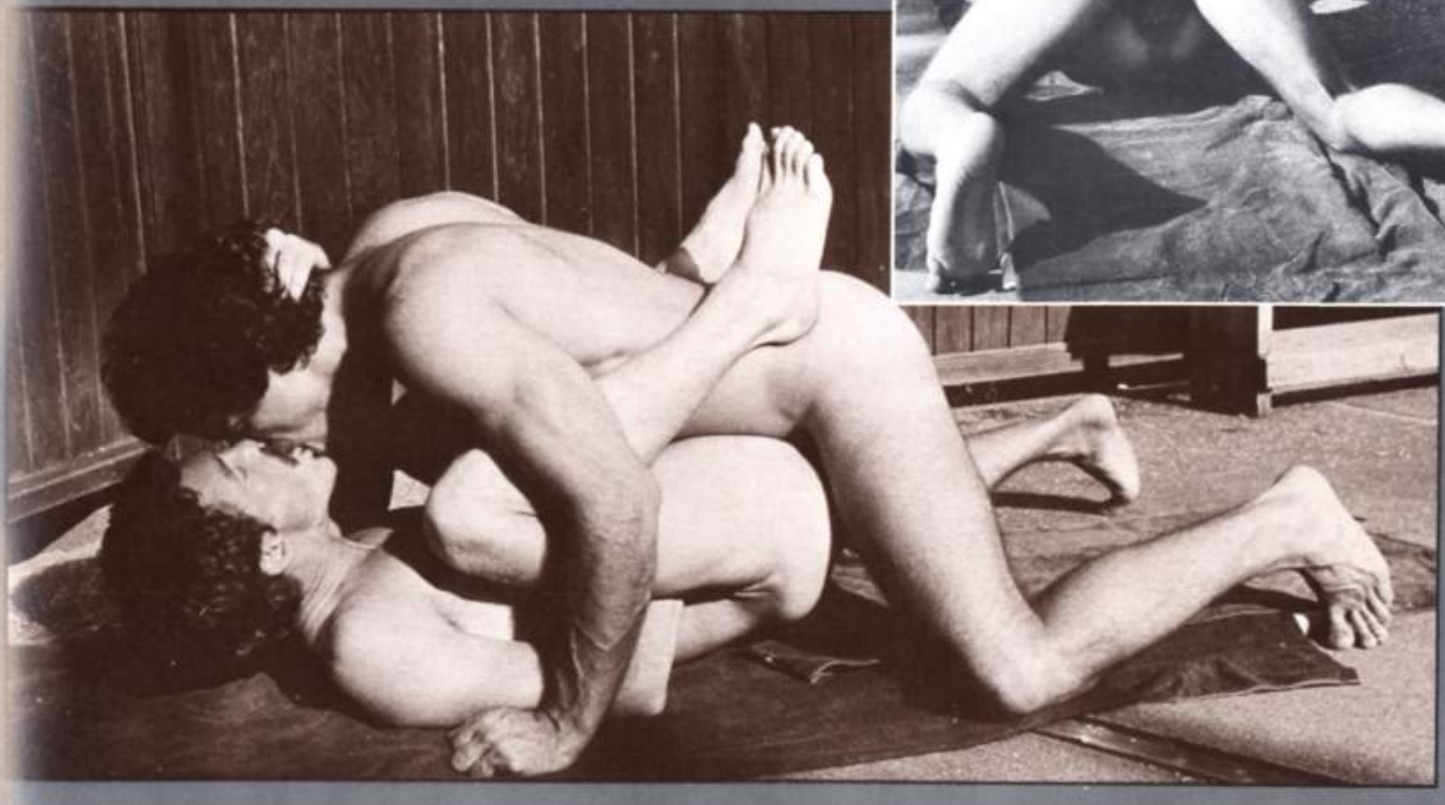


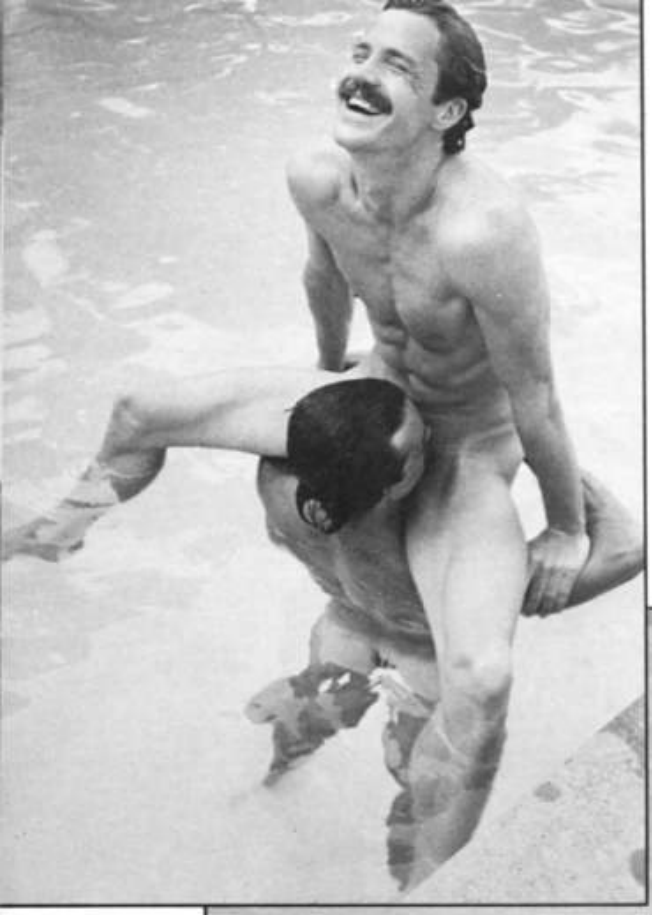


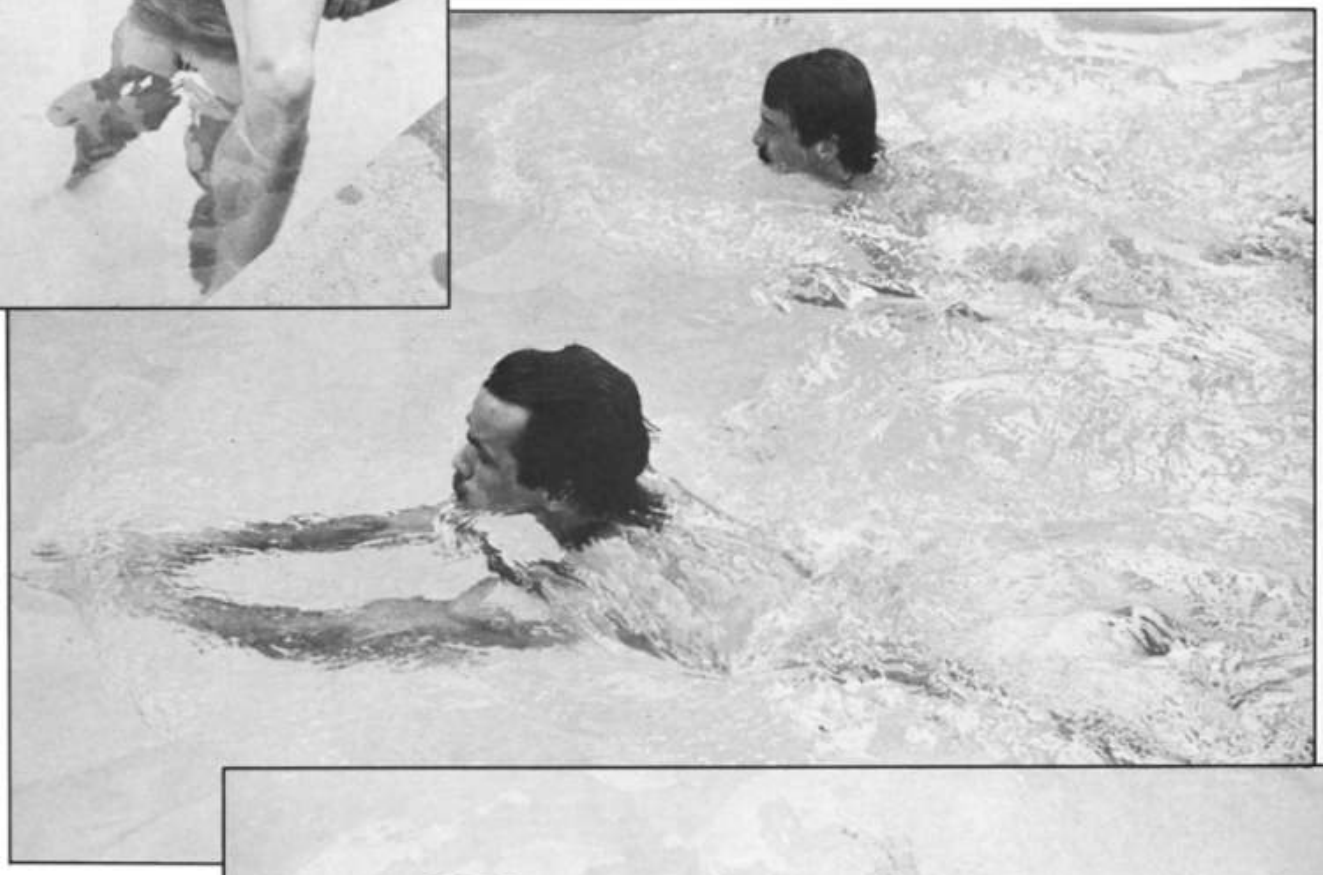


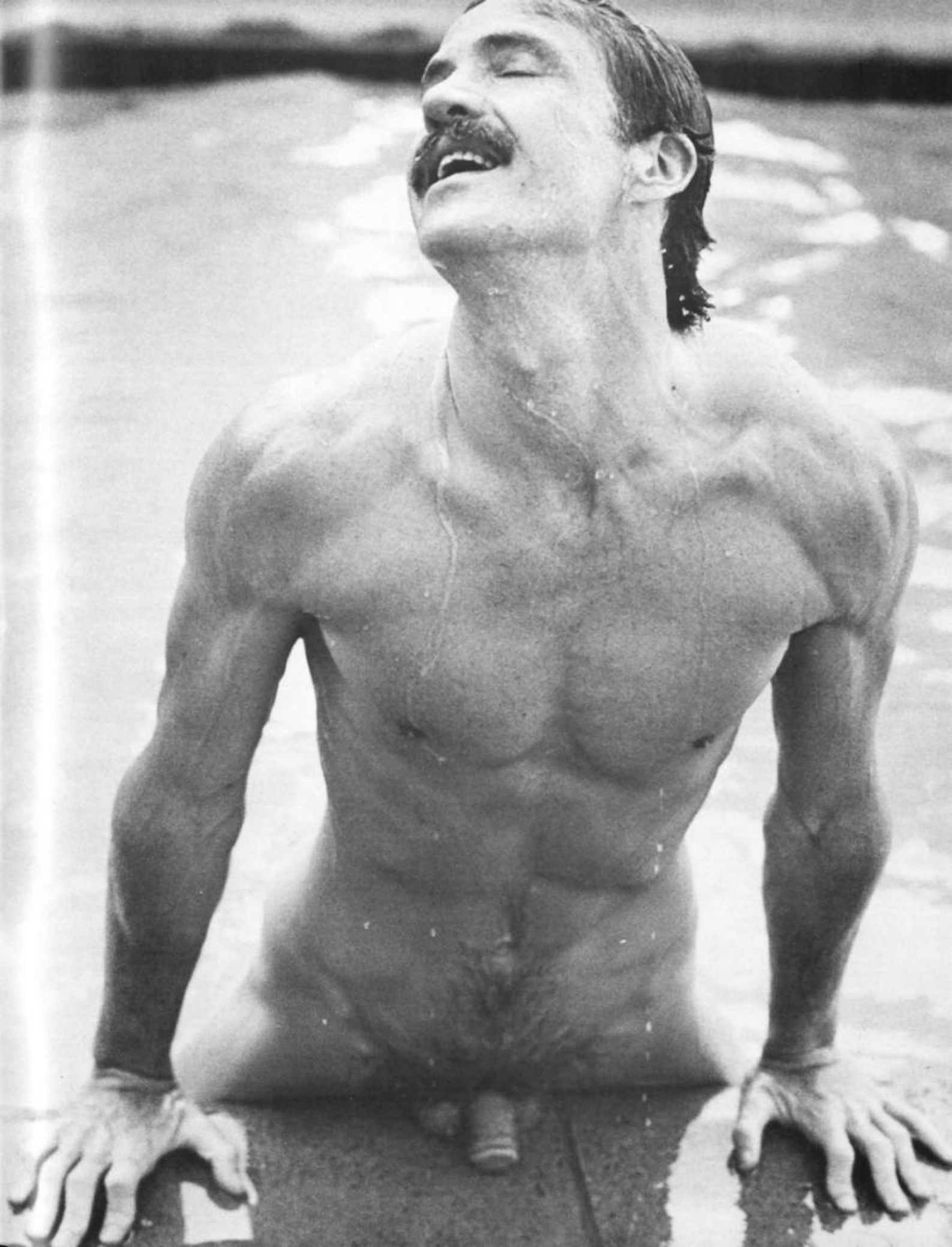


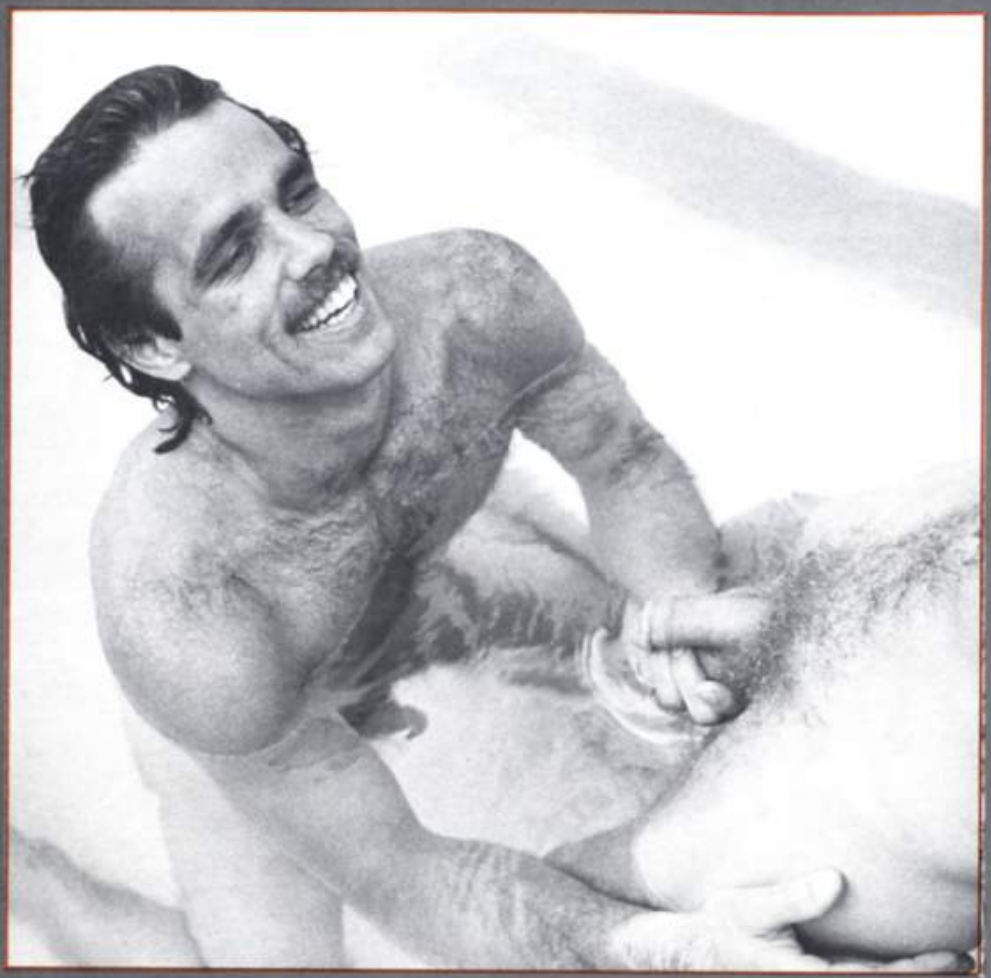


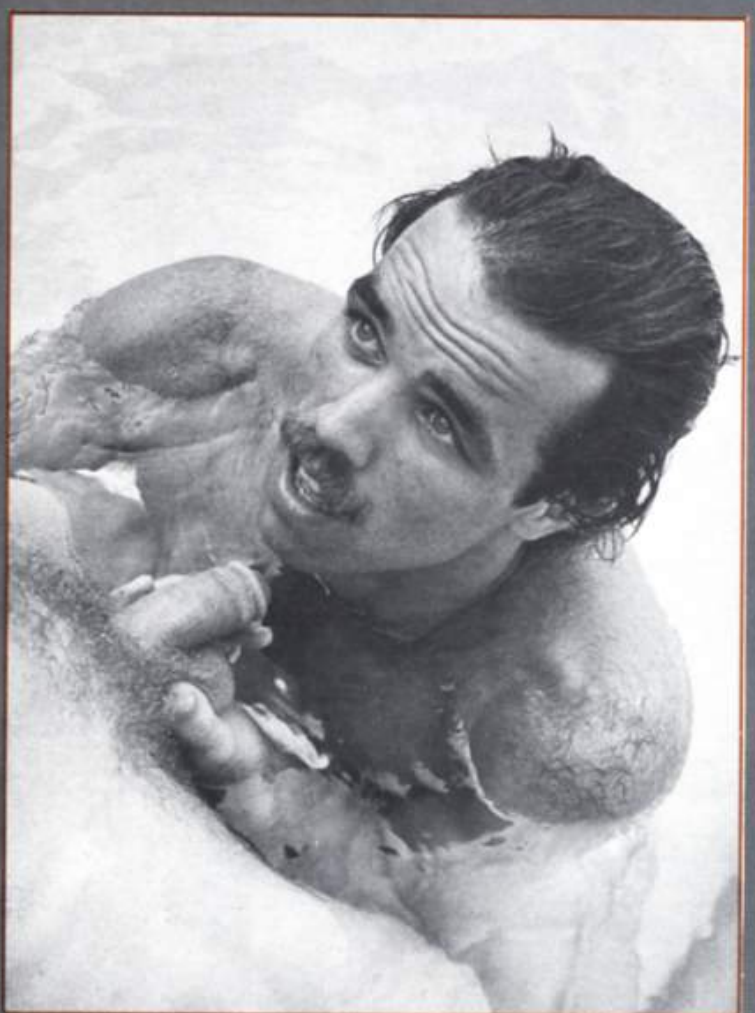


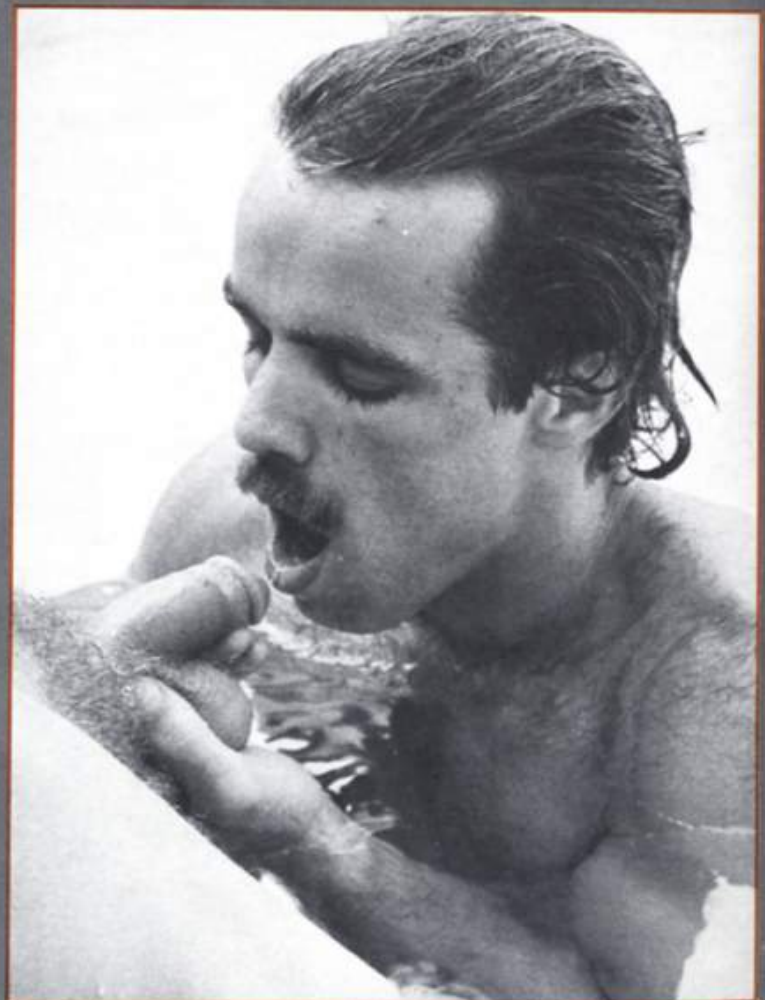


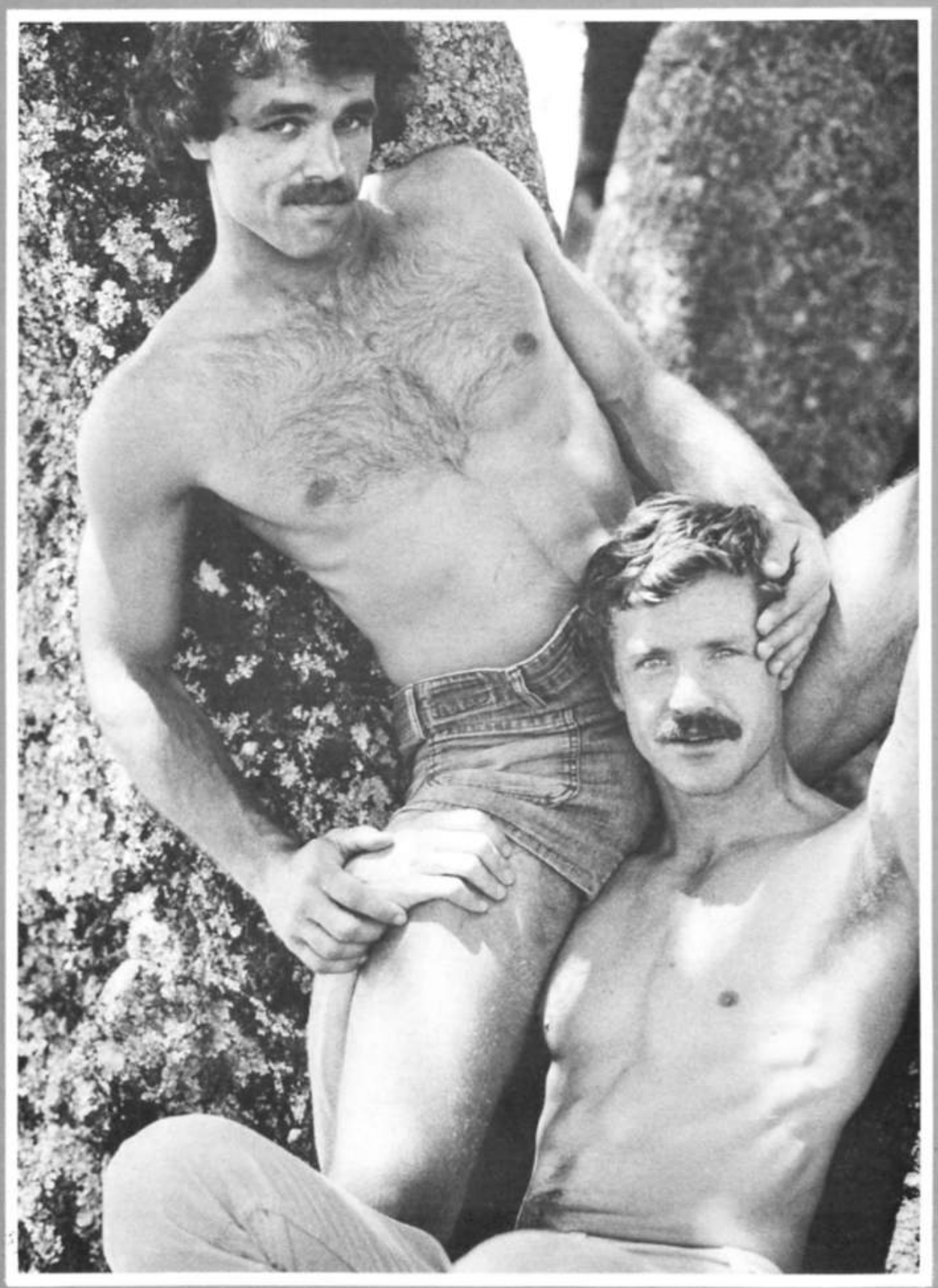












MORE TO COME . . .

COURTESY FALCON STUDIOS

Joey Stefano, Doug Niles, and Steven Kreig in PLUNGE

they'll go to work for a schlock studio that may pay them as much as we do, and perhaps even more. But they don't handle them correctly, they make them look terrible, they put them in a shitty movie, and drag their names and reputations down.

Manshots: It seems to me Doug Niles is a perfect example of this. His screen presence in *My Best Buddy*, directed by Mr. Travis here, was overwhelming. In the films that immediately followed, it was not.

Sterling: His image was changed.

Manshots: So there was no reason for any of you to use him again.

Sterling: That is correct.

Travis: We won't use him again. We can't.

Clayton: We used him in Videopac, #66, *Plunge*. We were not going to use him because he had done so much work, but he looked particularly handsome, was in good shape, tanned, and it was a group scene where he was not a key player. But, yes, Doug Niles is a good example — John packaged him and did a nice job, built an image for him — and then he just went and worked for everybody else for ten cents.

Sterling: Of course we can't control the model's personal life, but we attempt to guide them in what they should and should not do. We encourage them to go to the gym; we encourage them to take vitamins; we show them how to have their hair cut. The appearance is ultimately very important.

Manshots: In this business, it's their livelihood.

Sterling: The top stars in the porno industry — I hate to use the word porno, but I'll use it for lack of a better word —

Manshots: We use the word in the magazine now and then, though we tend to avoid it, because to so many people, it has such negative connotations.

Sterling: It does have negative connotations — I guess that's why I don't like the word.

Travis: But what is pornography? We watch it in movies and television every day: Killing, maiming, violence, blood. To me, *that's* pornography.

Manshots: How much can a star in this industry expect to make?

Sterling: The top stars — and they are very few and far between — have the opportunity to make vast amounts of money. In addition to eventually commanding very high prices in movies, there's a situation now where top stars can go on tour to book stores, night clubs, theatres — just to sign autographs. They make vast amounts of money.

Manshots: What sort of salaries are we talking about?

Sterling: The average star quality model would average out anywhere from $700 to $1,000 a day. An average model, $600 to $700. But some of these two-day wonder operators are getting models for $300 to $400 a day.

Travis: Needless to say, we're getting a little tired of building talent for everyone else in this industry to burn out. A star has to build his career slowly, as Jeff Stryker did. Now, three years later, he's still maintaining his successful image.

Manshots: And Al Parker after fifteen years.

Travis: Yes, Al Parker. We started him out years ago in a film called *Challenger* for Brentwood. It was the first film he ever made. Matt produced and directed, and I did the cinematography on it — and Al's been a success from that point on.

Manshots: It's the long haul that makes the superstar. Would any of you like to add anything else before I shut off the tape recorder?

Sterling: I'd just like to say that I'm very pleased that the media is taking an interest in these problems — *Adult Video News* and others have shown interest, and the problems are getting coverage, so it's not just the producers and people in the business who are talking about these problems, the public is also talking about them, and the media is covering them — and that can only work to everyone's good.★

COURTESY CATALINA VIDEO

Michael Henson and Doug Niles in MY BEST BUDDY

GRIDIRON

GRIDIRON (1989); Vivid Video; Fine-Line Producers; Directed by Patrick Dennis; No other production credits. Cast: Steven Craig; David Rockmore; Buck Tanner; Tom Chandler; Grant Howard; Trevor Daley; Rick Lee; Michael Moore; Rick Racer. Running time: 78 minutes.

Don't be deceived — the title sequence of *Gridiron*, the first of Vivid's new series of jock-themed videos, looks like a collage of action shots from *The Wide World of Sports*. What happens after the titles conclude, however, are contact sports of another sort altogether. *Gridiron* is comprised of four sweat-and-liniment fantasies that are played out by an athletic cast in the sort of handsomely lensed production that has long been the hallmark of director Patrick Dennis.

Gridiron opens in the corner of a locker room where lineman Buck Tanner (wearing nothing but a well-packed jockstrap and a smear of blackout under each eye) is bitching to teammate Rick Racer that the coach has just made him run extra laps for failing to provide proper blocking for their star quarterback. "If the coach doesn't like it," grouses Tanner, "he can suck my left nut." Before you can holler "Hike!," Tanner has removed the cup from his pouch, and Racer has completely deepthroated the hefty erection that has popped out. After a brief sixty-nine, Tanner stands to be rimmed, soon throws Racer's heels to heaven, and smashes into him. The scene is capped by Racer's money shot: plumes of cum flying through the air like pom-poms. Though neither performer is a likely candidate for the Green Bay Packers, the archetypal locker room fantasy has been potently played out.

In the next scene, we meet the coach (Steven Craig, a/k/a Kreig) and the quarterback (David Rockmore). After a series of flirtatious, too-clever double entendres about "tight ends" and needing "lots of practice," a rub-down shifts into heavy kissing, nipple chewing, and cock tonguing, before the coach sacks his quarterback. Rockmore, who has a tongue like a sex-crazed eel, again proves himself an accommodating bottom, and Craig tackles the situation with veteran skill.

The third and fourth sequences feature newcomer Tom Chandler, a horsey young man with long hair that falls in a peekaboo bob somewhat reminiscent of Veronica Lake's. He too is an unlikely football player type. His first appearance is in a duet with Grant Howard; his second, a solo on a motorcycle. Neither is particularly inspired — he has trouble keeping it up in both scenes — and we don't think he has much of a future in films. Cut him.

A threeway that includes Rockmore, Racer, and Michael Moore churns up the water in a sauna where the three team players attack each other orally in a variety of positions and combinations. All three have enviable equipment, and the scene is a winner. Rockmore is especially effective, his face at once expressive and quixotic. One wonders what goes on in that beautiful head while he is having sex.

Gridiron concludes when Rockmore attempts to mend fences with Tanner, and ends up upended over a pool table. Before you know it, Tanner has worked his way into the end zone and scored smashingly. Talk about teamwork!

Athlete worshippers may wish for more attention to the props, costumes, and trappings of the jock scene — the last three scenes have little direct connection with the theme. Also, the sex scenes are filled with dissolves, as the performers shift from one position to another, as in a series of *tableaux vivants*, which tends to lessen the build of each scene. Nonetheless, the players are hot and hunky, the camera work is not to be faulted, and the sex, though fragmented, is generally charged into with gusto. *Gridiron* certainly beats *Monday Night Football*, even if it isn't quite up to Super Bowl quality. [T.U.]

GRIDIRON is available from Vivid Video, 15127 Califa St., Van Nuys, CA 91411 for $50.00 including postage and handling. Visa and MasterCard accepted. Specify VHS or Beta. Or call toll free 1-800-822-8339. In California, call 1-818-908-0481.

Rick Racer and Buck Tanner in GRIDIRON

COURTESY VIVID VIDEO

David Rockmore and Steven Craig in GRIDIRON

Neil Thomas and Bill Crane in COUSINS SHOULD DO IT

COUSINS SHOULD DO IT

COUSINS SHOULD DO IT (1989); H.I.S.: Tiger Media Productions; Directed by Jack Marshall; Screenplay by Cyrus Dozier; Camera, Cyrus Dozier; Photography, OK Boys; Casting, Rising Stars Studios; Make-up, Mike Ridgeway; Technical Consultant, Turk Weinstein. Cast: Neil Thomas; Sean Cannon; Lon Flexxe; Paul Coder; Bill Crane; Robert Larkins; Brett Williams; Mike Ridgeway; Lady Di; Johnny. Running time: 89 minutes.

In *Zorba The Greek*, there is a scene where the women in the village become vultures, waiting for the rich lady to die, so they can loot the spoils. We were reminded of that moment while watching *Cousins Should Do It*. Here, a rich grandfather has just died, and his progeny gather to learn who will inherit the bulk of his estate. Each grandson thinks he is the one most likely, but each also harbors some doubt. Therefore, they all scheme to suck up to the other most likely heirs, in hopes of sharing in the fortune, if not winning it all. Thus, the groundwork is laid for the various liaisons.

As the cousins individually arrive, they are met by the deceased's loyal manservant (Neil Thomas). First is Lon Flexxe, who takes a dip in the pool, then languorously beats his meat in the afternoon sun, and asks Thomas to apply suntan oil. Of course, the oil is soon forgotten as the servant's fingers touch every part of Flexxe's body. At breakfast, cousins Robert Larkins and Sean Cannon discuss who the likely heir will be, before they fuck on the kitchen table. Back at

poolside, Paul Coder asks cousin Brett Williams, "How much is it going to cost me *this* time?" Thus, Williams successfully makes advances on his choice of second-most-likely. On the morning of the funeral, Thomas enters Bill Crane's room to awaken him, and becomes excited as he contemplates the sleeping nude figure. His hands are as adept at backrubs as they are at applying suntan oil, leading to inevitable sex. In the finale, the will is read, and the heir is named. We won't reveal here which of the six greedy cousins has managed to hoodwink the old man.

The acting is excellent. The performers display varying degrees of shallow self-centeredness, providing rich contrasts to each other. The undercurrent of mutual distrust counterpoints the sex, as each uses the physical contact to further his own chances for wealth. (The exception of course is manservant Thomas, who is genuinely turned on by the cousins.)

All of this deviousness heightens the erotic quotient of the sex — to wit, Coder's furious cocksucking of Williams as they sixty-nine; Thomas, forgetting his station, frenziedly fucking the mouth of the temporarily subservient Flexxe; Larkins' two back-to-back orgasms; and Crane's jaw and tongue sucking Thomas' cock in and out of his mouth through internal muscular action, unaided by hands, his head unmoving.

Cyrus Dozier's screenplay seems simplistic, and yet it has a complexity that impacts directly on the sex, giving it a depth that goes beyond sheer physicality. What's more, director Jack Marshall has relayed that subtext to his actors, whose performances clearly show it.

Cousins Should Do It is somewhat reminiscent of the 1984 skinflick *Hard Money* — not to mention Ben Jonson's 1606 comic masterpiece, *Volpone* — but is still a neat new twist on a classic theme. [T.M.]

COUSINS SHOULD DO IT is available from H.I.S., 9330 Oso Avenue, Chatsworth, CA 91311 for $49.95 plus $3.00 postage and handling. Visa and MasterCard accepted. Specify VHS or Beta. Or call toll free 1-800-421-2386.

BROTHER TROUBLE

BROTHER TROUBLE (1989); Catalina Video; Written and Directed by Josh Eliot; Music by Costello Presley; Videography by Rudy Monroe and Wade Thompson; Edited by Sam Delioh and Chet Thomas; Post Production, Chet Thomas; Produced by Russ Chapman. Cast: Greg Thomas; Karl Thomas; Derek Jensen; Mark Robinson; Chris Dano; Rod Barnett; Vinnie Travino; Alan Lambert; Harley Adams (The Lawyer). Running time: 72 minutes.

Like *Cousins Should Do It, Brother Trouble* also turns on the reading of a will, but where the former focuses on greed among the heirs, the latter goes off in a different direction, mixing elements of the horror film with coming out fantasies.

Two brothers are bequeathed their uncle's long abandoned summer home somewhere in the Rocky Mountain wilds, providing they live in it for one year. From the first night there, during a thunderstorm, strange things begin to happen, things that are both spooky and sexy. First, the blond siblings, Greg and Karl Thomas (a/k/a Adrian Jackson), both have weird wet dreams.

COURTESY CATALINA VIDEO

Rod Barnett goes down on Vinnie Travino in BROTHER TROUBLE

The first features Rod Barnett and Vinnie Travino, a pair of blonds who might initially be mistaken for the brothers themselves. The wordless sexplay occurs on an outside deck where both (clad only in jockstraps) have a water fight with a garden hose. This leads to pouch groping, ball licking, cocksucking, spanking, and (when a razor suddenly appears out of nowhere on the deck rail) ass shaving. In spite of the golden afternoon sunlight, the good-natured horseplay, and an enthusiastic standup fuck, there are edgy undertones to the scene.

The second dream features Chris Dano and Alan Lambert, who materialize before the blazing fireplace in the younger brother's bedroom, oil each other up, and work their way through oral and anal exercises, again nonverbally, before they vanish as eerily as they appeared.

The next morning, the two brothers compare their "twisted" dreams, and assure each other that they were "disgusted" by them. The younger goes off to clean the cellar; the older, to check out the grounds. At a shed in the woods, he watches Derek Jensen and Marc Robinson share two beers and a massage, before Robinson gives head (and his ass) to Jensen, who remains strictly trade. Suddenly, the brother is aware that watching the *al fresco* fuck has given him a hard-on. He glances down at it momentarily, then looks back up, and the pair have vanished.

Back in the house, the younger brother turns on the television set, only to view

snippets of a stabbing murder that seems to have taken place in the house. Suddenly, Chris Dano reappears to seduce the boy. They go at it all over the couch, and afterwards, when the boy offers him a cigarette, he is not there.

By now concerned *and* aroused, each brother performs a solo — the older in the mottled light of a woodsy glade, the younger in the shower — and we sense that they are moving closer and closer toward the inevitable, obligatory coupling to which the entire film has been building. Instead, a pair of horror film gimmicks turns each of them into a freeze frame, over which flashes the announcement: "To Be Continued. *Brother Trouble II: Coming Together.*" It is a most frustrating conclusion, leaving the viewer not so much cliff-hanging as blueballed.

This reviewer has never had a fondness for serials, mini-series, or end-of-season hooks. For that reason, he has never been a fan of *Dynasty, Roots,* or *Hill Street Blues,* and this personal bias has no doubt influenced his annoyance with the end of this film. Certainly, *Brother Trouble* is cleverly scripted, gorgeously photographed, handsomely cast, vigorously performed. Still, we have rarely felt *coitus interruptus* so strongly, and will reserve our ultimate judgment until we have seen the work in its entirety. *Part II* is promised within the month. [T.U.]

BROTHER TROUBLE is available from Catalina Video, 6030 Yolanda St., Tarzana, CA 91356 for $59.95 plus $3.00 postage and handling. Visa and MasterCard accepted. Specify VHS or Beta. Or call toll free 1-800-421-3269. In California, call 1-800-421-3268.

COURTESY CDI

Stewart Copeland hovers over Scott Colby in THE NIGHT BOYS

THE NIGHT BOYS

THE NIGHT BOYS (1989); CDI Home Video; A Cinderfella Production; Produced and Directed by Gino Colbert; Written by Edward Lee; Camera, Sandy Beach. Cast: Stewart Copeland; Melchor; Gino Colbert; Marc Radcliff; Rocky Rockhard; Jake Corbin; Sean Laurance; Scott Colby. Running time: 67 minutes.

In 1931, Bela Lugosi epitomized all that is unholy in his portrayal of Count Dracula, the vampire who led the undead in their nightly search for human blood. The Gothic horror film is still the standard by which all vampire films are judged today. In the succeeding years, many films have been made on the subject, portraying vampires in a variety of ways — not the least of which is the sympathetic (but slightly strange) guy-next-door.

Such is the case in *The Night Boys.* It is the story of one Count Vladimir (Stewart Copeland) who craves the blood of young studs. He lives in a musty old house in a cemetery, and like the Dracula of old, has a trusty servant (Melchor) who takes care of his needs, finding suitable partners for him. In the first scene, the quarry is Gino Colbert. Later, Melchor catches up with an old army fuck buddy (Rocky Rockhard) at Colbert's apartment, which the latter shares with his brother, Tony (Scott Colby). Then, Melchor allows Sean Laurance and Jake Corbin to use the Count's living room for a tete-a-tete. Next, Melchor lures Marc Radcliff into Vladimir's basement for one last fling before being relieved of his duties to the Count forever. In the final scene, Colbert, the *new* aide-de-camp, helps put his brother Tony under the Count's sexual spell.

The film spoofs the vampire genre in the manner of *Dark Shadows.* As in that campy soap opera, the sets are tacky and the special effects hilarious. The plot twists are tongue-in-cheek. The funniest bit is having two different actors (Corbin and Colby) play the same role — with no explanation nor logical reason for the mid-film substitution. Wait — did we tell you Colby is black? Even the racial change adds to the merriment. (Or was this a careless gaffe?)

The cast is uniformly good. There is a variety of body types, from boyishly chicken to beer-belly flab, with varying degrees of builds and muscle tones in between. Hunky newcomer Colby makes his debut, shooting ropes up his stomach and chest. Corbin, as usual, goes through physical catharsis during orgasm. Copeland describes himself as "your friendly neighborhood vampire," and he *is* that. No evil Lugosi he, his Vladimir is charming and slightly fey, his only desire to satisfy his own lust. . . and that of every boy he meets.

As much fun as the script is, the sex is equally hot. Director Colbert has instilled in his actors the ability to play the scene seriously, and at the same time stand apart and drolly mock the humor — not an easy feat, but the entire cast has accomplished it well.

It is fun to see erotica that is as stimulating to the mind as it is to the gonads. [C.P.]

THE NIGHT BOYS is available from CDI, 7210 Jordan Ave., #A62, Canoga Park, CA 91303 for $49.95 plus $3.00 postage and handling. Visa and MasterCard accepted. Specify VHS or Beta. Or call toll free 1-800-423-5593. In California, call 1-818-884-6681.

COURTESY PAUL ARMEN

Billy Flynn and Chet Williams in HOME MOVIES

HOME MOVIES

HOME MOVIES (1990); A Paul Armen Presentation; "Home Movies": Written and Directed by John Stevens; "Dan Morgan": Filmed by Ed Thomas; "Salty Balls" and "The Banana Boat": Written by Jim Darling; Directed by Mark King; "Raker": Written by Sam Natale; Directed by Pat Kaaks and Mike Bloomer. Cast: Dan Morgan; Billy Flynn; Chet Williams; Michael Keenan; Jim Clayton; Kyle Scherzer; Donald Major; Kiko; Tommy Dianna; Chris Kearns. Running time: 66 minutes.

Home Movies is both a most appropriate and a somewhat misleading title for a must-see collection of new loops that are far more professionally executed than the title suggests, yet they also evidence a self-conscious amateurism (some of which was no doubt intended) that is both charming and titillating.

Each of the episodes is totally unrelated to the others, and yet all meld easily into a unified whole — which is surprising, since each is the work of a different director and writer. There is a spontaneous sexual chemistry among the various performers, all of whom seem as genuinely enthusiastic as the men who peopled the early Falcon and Brentwood loops a generation ago.

The first entry, entitled "Salty Balls," is the best of the lot. In a big double bed, a blond boy-next-door type (Jim Clayton) is joined by his cockteasing sister's boyfriend (Michael Keenan) who has "struck out as usual." Stimulated by a straight porn magazine, the two men are soon fisting their equally impressive erections. Clayton quickly proves himself both a decent actor and a remarkable deep-throat artist whose tanned musculature provides nice contrast to Keenan's milky white leanness. Clayton is a rarity: the butch bottom who takes Keenan every which way. It is a potent opener.

Next up is a poolside solo by big-dicked Dan Morgan, whose square jaw and Arrow-collar-man machismo are almost as inviting as his heavy equipment. This brief interlude is followed by an ingenious foursome entitled "Raker." It begins with Donald Major raking leaves with a dark-haired ethnic called Kiko. Their fuck and suck session is viewed through the holes of a pegboard wall by another brunet (Kyle Scherzer) and Keenan again. Though Kiko seems something of a journeyman cocksucker, he certainly knows how to fuck, and Majors certainly knows how to take it.

The fourth vignette, "Home Movies," finds a cherubic blond (Billy Flynn) and the only performer we've seen before (Chet Williams) watching a home movie of another mega-hung swimmer (Chris Kearns). Soon Williams and Flynn begin to jack off side by side on the couch, eventually give each other head, and in time, Williams throws his legs in the air before both produce decent money shots.

The final vignette, "The Banana Boat," features Keenan again, this time topping dark, tight-bodied Tommy Dianna. It is the most disappointing coupling of the piece, unless you are into Reddi-Whip, which is used extensively as both a garnish and a lubricant.

Despite its derivativeness, its videography (that is not always on the mark), a similarity in the action of each scene, and imperfectly matched shots, *Home Movies* nonetheless achieves its modest goals almost from start to finish.

The cast (to a man well-endowed and hairless) should delight all those interested in the boy-man type, and of the performers, Morgan, Flynn, Keenan, and especially Clayton (who is a real find) should be singled out. *Home Movies* has its rough edges and lapses, but overall it is an auspicious first effort, certainly anything but amateur night. [T.U.]

HOME MOVIES is available from Paul Armen, P.O. Box 920, Ft. Lee, NJ 07024 for $59.50 plus $3.00 postage and handling. Visa and MasterCard accepted. Specify VHS or Beta. Or call toll free 1-800-866-6211. Void where prohibited by law.

THE LOVERS: A PORNOMENTARY

THE LOVERS: A PORNOMENTARY (1989); BFP Video; No technical credits given. Cast: Ty Jones; Shawn O'Toole. Running time: 101 minutes.

In recent years, the "interview" format has become quite popular in adult tapes. The screen tests from Catalina, and the tapes from Old Reliable and Jaxathon, among others, have used this premise to bring the "true" personality of the performer to the screen. Black Forest Productions has now taken it one step further in its newest release, *The Lovers: A Pornomentary*. In this hour-and-forty-one-minute video, real-life lovers Ty Jones and Shawn O'Toole are interviewed together, juxtaposing scenes of their lovemaking with the talk segments. The various parts of the interview, gathered together, run approximately forty-nine minutes, and the sex, fifty-two minutes.

In the opening prologue, we learn that Jones has agreed to the interview in order to dispel the conception that he is "emotionally cold." In contrast, our appraisal of Jones has always been that he is suave and genteel, but never unfeeling. However, as borne out in this interview, both impressions couldn't be further from the truth. He is extremely open and honest in answering questions about himself and his sometimes stormy relationship with O'Toole.

There is a physical difference, too. In the past, his slicked-down hair and pencil-thin moustache have given him the appearance of the quintessential Art Deco man of the Twenties and Thirties in New York Cafe Society — a man full of charm, elegance, and savoir faire. Now, Jones has a hairstyle similar to that of Carl Lewis. His moustache is almost non-existent, and his face is more round-cheeked. These physical differences have stripped years from him.

O'Toole, still relatively unknown, is also quite candid. He is the more dominant personality of the two, as illustrated, for example, by his attempts to get Jones to further his education for broader job opportunities. He is not without his foibles, however. He expresses strong jealousy at his lover's career, even though Jones openly admits that it's only for the money. That still doesn't square it in O'Toole's eyes. In fact, jealousy and money are the two most heavily discussed items, having caused the deepest troubles in their relationship.

Sexually, the pair are splendid. At first, they are aware of the camera, and "performance" inevitably creeps in. But this gradually disappears as they concentrate on satisfying each other. Both switch roles as the mood strikes. Jones is the most demonstrative he has ever been onscreen. His orgasm is spectacular. Feeling like a "peeping Tom" at the intimacy, the viewer nonetheless also must feel it an honor to view genuine love — not just sex — in action.

An interesting tidbit: There has been a lot of talk about the apparently low esteem the industry has for bottoms, and it is discussed here. Bottoms generally make less money, and rarely get star status and treatment. Jones prefers not to bottom, and therefore demands — and gets — more money when he is asked to do so. He makes even *more* when the topman is white.

In deference to O'Toole's wishes, this film is scheduled to be Jones' last screen appearance. We will miss him, but wish him success in his new ventures, and a long and happy life with his lover. [C.P.]

THE LOVERS: A PORNOMENTARY is available from BFP Video, P.O. Box 42628, Los Angeles, CA 90050 for $49.00 plus $4.00 postage and handling. Visa and MasterCard accepted. Specify VHS or Beta.

COURTESY BFP

Ty Jones and Shawn O'Toole in THE LOVERS: A PORNOMENTARY

TIM LOWE'S WEEKEND ADVENTURE

TIM LOWE'S WEEKEND ADVENTURE (1989); Avalon Video; ZZZYX Inc.; Executive Producers, Chuck Penn and Ginger Griffis; Written and Directed by Mark Steele; Video Facilities by Vidmax Productions; Camera Operator, Marlon Reeves; Sound, Bud Boise; Make-up, Dennise Keel; Video Editor, Rick Gunther; Music, Paul Pack; Production Manager, T.E. Slayton; Talent Co-ordinator, Sonny Bordeaux; Location Manager, Mike Schuck; Production Assistant, Joe Daniels. Cast: Tim Lowe; Kevin Wiles; Brad Phillips; Christian Toth; Nick Cougar; Neil Thomas; Jeff Powers; Steve Cameron; Danny Cocker. Running time: 96 minutes.

Director Mark Steele's latest release, *Tim Lowe's Weekend Adventure*, sounds as if it might be a sequel to *Lee Hunter's Laguna Adventure*, but the similarity ends there. It is basically a series of loops strung together by a flimsy story line that attempts to meld the disparate sex scenes into a unified whole. Unlike Hunter in the earlier film, Lowe disappears halfway through this one, never

(Continued on page 78)

Lon Flexx and Joey Stefano

Plunge

PHOTOS COURTESY FALCON STUDIOS

PLUNGE

PLUNGE (1989); Falcon Studios; No other production credits. Cast: Joey Stefano; Steve Kreig; Doug Niles; Cal Jensen; Buck Tanner; Rod Phillips; Lon Flexx; Andy Mategna; Luke Bender. Running time: 82 minutes.

Impeccably sculpted young men, gorgeously lush photography, seamless production values — these are the trademarks of a Falcon video, and *Plunge* is no exception to the rule.

Like several other Falcon productions, *Plunge* is virtually plotless; actually, what it does have is a connecting motif: pools and hot tubs. All the scenes take place next to or in the water, and it's somewhat surprising that the Falcon people didn't name this one *Splash Shots Revisited*. In any case, the lack of a plot in no way harms the heat, especially if you're a fan of nonstop sex.

Scene number one features dark-haired beauties Joey Stefano and Lon Flexx in an indoor hot tub scene. After some minimal dialogue, Flexx once again proves that he's one of the lustiest kissers in gay video. But later on, Flexx's ravenous mouth is almost upstaged by Stefano's very talented ass. At one point, that hungry hole is gobbling up three of Flexx's fingers as well as two of Stefano's own — and the bottom man *loves* it. The handiwork, however, is only a prelude to the dickiwork,

Phillips, Jensen, and Tanner

Andy Mategna

Luke Bender and Andy Mategna

with Flexx fucking Stefano in several different positions until both young men deliver respectable cum shots.

Assplay also figures prominently in the next scene, but this time with help from some rubbery friends. Dark, curly-haired newcomer Andy Mategna is lounging at poolside, getting turned on as he checks out some sexy drawings by Etienne (in a Falcon publication, natch). Before long, he's dug into his trusty beachbag and brought out a double-headed dildo, and fucked himself with it, all the while pulling his prong.

Suddenly surprised by dark and traditionally handsome Luke Bender (a/k/a Steve Kennedy), Mategna now has a boy *and* a toy — while continuing to pump his hole with the rubber replica, his mouth is filled with Bender's real-life cock. Soon Bender reaches into Mategna's "bag of tricks" for an even wider dildo, the perfect preparation for the thick-dicked fuck to come. Once rubber is finally replaced by flesh, Bender displays his skills as the consummate topman, aggressively pummeling the well-prepped hole. The curly haired, eager Mategna may be a newcomer, but he is no novice.

The final two scenes are both threesomes, and are remarkably similar. Both begin with two lounging, sunglassed butch numbers (Doug Niles and Steve Kreig in the first; Buck Tanner and

Luke Bender and
Andy Mategna

Doug Niles, Joey Stefano, and Steve Kreig

Rod Phillips in the second) and a teasing, flirting bottom who's trying to attract their attention (Joey Stefano in the first; Cal Jensen in the second). Of the two, the Niles/Kreig/Stefano session is the stronger and steamier; not only are the two topmen really into the scene, but Stefano is, simply stated, an electrifying bottom.

Bottoms usually don't get top billing in gay videos, but Stefano does in *Plunge*, and it's easy to see why. The boy just *loves* to get fucked, and his delectable ass is a topman's wet dream. Also, rarely has anyone ever executed such a lovingly thorough ballicking as Stefano does here — to both Flexx in the first scene and Kreig in the third.

Of course, *Plunge* has many other Memorable Moments: Cal Jensen alternately sucking Tanner's and Phillips' dicks; Stefano humping his ass against Kreig's mouth while Niles sucks him; Mategna with his legs in the air, pistoning his own hole with the dildo; Flexx lovingly licking Stefano's ass. And those are only the highlights.

Two of the cast members are making strong comebacks in this film. Rod Phillips, the blond, baby-faced dynamo

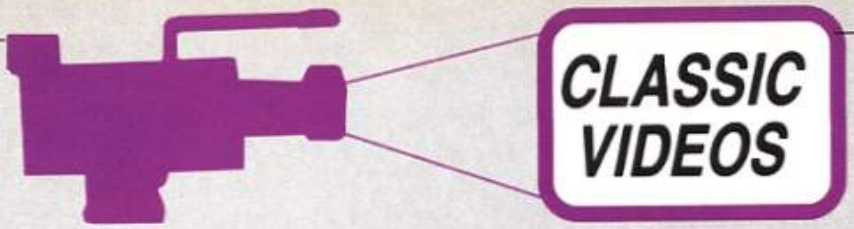
Niles and Kreig top Stefano

who has not appeared onscreen in many years, does not look a day older, but does not seem as comfortable in performance as he did in *Spokes* or *Windows*. Still, his return is most welcome, and hopefully, the beginning of a new career. Steve Kreig, who first came to public attention as the star of the safe sex film, *Lifeguard*, (under the name Stephen Craig) here does things he has never done before onscreen — and very well, too. The other members of the cast (especially Stefano) are up to the usual Falcon standards, and that is the highest accolade one can bestow.

The only real problem in *Plunge* is that marked similarity between scenes three and four. When the settings are virtually the same, varying the action is especially important to avoid boredom. The sex in scenes one, two, and three is sufficiently different, but scene four is practically a rerun of scene three. We've seen this all before — and just a couple of minutes before. On the other hand, some viewers may agree with Liberace's dictum: "Too much of a good thing is. . . *wonderful.*" [P.M.]

PLUNGE is available from Falcon Studios, P.O. Box 750, San Francisco, CA 94101 for $59.50 plus $3.50 postage and handling. Visa and MasterCard accepted. Specify VHS or Beta. Or call toll free 1-800-222-3717. In California, call 1-415-431-7722. This offer is void in Texas and Tennessee.

Buck Tanner, Cal Jensen, and Rod Phillips



TURNED ON

TURNED ON (1982); Surge Studio; Produced by Al Parker and Steve Taylor; Directed by Steve Scott; Director of Photography, Tom Howard; Second Cameraman, Tracy DeBar; Wardrobe by deRoyal Productions; Still Photography, Steve Taylor and R.J. Ebee; Original Music by Forbidden Overture; Additional Music by Winslow Washington. Cast: Al Parker; Sky Dawson; Scott Taylor; Beau Matthews; J.W. (Jim) King; Gian Carlos; Joel Thomas; Greg Dale; Jim Rodgers; Bob Moore; John Trent; Lee Brubaker; Rick Faulkner; Mike Davis. Running time: 89 minutes.

Al Parker and Sky Dawson in TURNED ON

The sexual imaginations of superstar Al Parker and superdirector Steve Scott were always equally extravagant, and the five films that these two legends made together between 1979 and 1983 were, without exception, double-barreled bonanzas, the likes of which we may never see again. Of the five, the 1982 *Turned On* is perhaps the best — a perfect wedding of the creator's vision and the performer's realization of it.

With succinct strokes, the premise of *Turned On* is neatly established: Parker spots Sky Dawson (the perfect clone) in a crowded bar, cruises him, loses him in the crowd, and spends the rest of the film obsessing over him, fantasizing about him, chasing after him, and finally connecting with him — or has their coupling been nothing more than a fantasy?

Upon losing sight of Dawson in the bar, Parker heads for the men's room, where he settles for some surrogate action with a blond pretty boy (Joel Thomas). As he is fucking Thomas, Dawson stalks in and gets it on at the urinals with Greg Dale — but the most electrifying aspect of the scene is that though each is balling another partner, both Parker and Dawson are in effect having sex with each other. This is no mere tearoom loop, but a multi-layered view of the cruising ritual at full-tilt.

In bed that night, Parker remembers a detail that had not previously registered: Dawson was wearing a tee shirt emblazoned with the logo of Mac's, a popular L.A. bathhouse of the period. As he dozes off, Parker finds himself in the locker room of the place, searching for Dawson, but in the meantime is distracted by the fact that in each locker stands a throbbing anonymous cock. Amid the fantasy fog, he chows down on one after another of them in a pig-out that is without cinematic precedent. Before *Turned On* is over, Parker has sucked off eleven different cocks (bringing most of them to orgasm) and fucked five different asses (reaching orgasm himself in most instances). Such virtuosity puts to shame most of the so-called stars of today, who all too often barely manage to get through one scene during the course of any given film. To call Parker a superstar is not mere hype; here he singlehandedly defines the term, almost invents it.

Later, in the bathhouse shower, after servicing several additional anonymous partners, Parker fucks Lee Brubaker, but through the magic of film, Brubaker is transformed momentarily into Dawson, then back into himself. The following sequence, a classic in the annals of gay erotica, finds Parker facing two long rows of jockstrapped baskets, which he proceeds to devour with all the thoroughness of a buzzsaw leveling a forest. Dawson appears, tackling the human saplings

with much the same fervor, and the ensuing action becomes a contest in which each is determined to outdo the other.

Myriad orgasms later, Dawson vanishes again, and both stars briefly take a back seat to Scott Taylor, whose solo turn is a primal vision of sexual compulsion. Posed on a pedestal high above his enthralled audience, Taylor proceeds to shove his balls and enormous cock up his ass, and with them firmly in place, gyrates about like some demented disco baby. For an encore, he sucks himself off and hungrily licks up every drop of his own jism. It is a perfect change of pace — the eleven o'clock number that stops the show cold just before the finale.

The closing sequence — actually a finaletto and finale combined — first presents a sextet of archetypal fantasy figures: the sailor (Jim Rodgers), the cowboy (Bob Moore), the married man (J.W. King), the lumberjack (John Trent), the hard hat (Beau Matthews), and the hooded leatherman (who may or may not be Dawson himself.) Before the scene is over, both Parker and Dawson have had every last one of them in two parallel displays of sexual excess. The action segues seamlessly into the mass orgy, wherein Parker continues his search among a herd of naked bodies, each face of which is hidden behind a mask of Dawson's countenance. During these final moments, there are so many money shots that one literally cannot count them — and the final fadeout of the film, one of its shrewdest strokes, leaves the viewer wondering whether or not these two predators ever really got together — or if they ever will.

There is really nothing to complain about in the entire film: it is profoundly conceived; it is relentlessly arousing; it is flawlessly cast; it is stunningly photographed; and most of all, it is deeply perceptive in both its portrait of gay life in the fast lane before AIDS and in its timeless revelations about the power of the sexual impulse. *Turned On* is one for the permanent collection. [J.D.]

COURTESY SURGE STUDIO

Sky Dawson and Beau Matthews in TURNED ON

TURNED ON is available from Bijou Video, 1363 North Wells St., Chicago, IL 60610 for $69.95 plus $3.00 postage and handling. Visa and MasterCard accepted. Specify VHS or Beta. Or call toll free 1-800-932-7111. In Illinois, call 1-800-527-2369. Bijou is unable to ship to North Carolina, Nebraska, Tennessee, or Utah.

FALCON VIDEO PAC #11

FALCON VIDEO PAC #11 (Films 510-514); No production credits listed. Cast: Bill Eld; Jim Hughes; Ray Todd; Donny; Jack; and five unidentified players. Running time: 71 minutes.

A collection of four loops from the early days, *Falcon Video Pac #11* opens with "Workman's Compensation," which is set in a motel room, where the young Bill Eld is in the shower jerking off. The room service waiter (unidentified) comes in to deliver towels, and is soon delivering a blowjob to the hunky Eld. Eventually, they move, both naked now, to the bed, Eld still getting his legendary dick sucked by the waiter, who really seems to be enjoying himself. It isn't long before our star decides to fuck him, which he does with great vigor and enthusiasm. The camera work is very good in this one, catching expressions on faces as well as the old in-out. Finally, Eld shoots a very healthy, multi-spurt shot of creamy cum all over the waiter's face and into his mouth. This is very nice, sexy stuff — the sort of loop that made Falcon's reputation.

Next, "I Want Something Big," focuses on a threesome where a blond youth named Donny is blowing Ray Todd and getting a large dildo shoved up his ass by Jim Hughes. Donny takes that eight-inch dildo with no problem at all, and the scene ends up with him producing an on-the-money money shot. But, as with most Falcon loops, there is a second round, and these three are soon back at it. This time, Donny, a ravenous bottom, has an inflatable balloon shoved up his ass and then blown up, once it is in place. This looked mighty uncomfortable to this reviewer, but blond Donny seemed to be in seventh heaven, and even moreso when subsequently fistfucked up to the elbow by Hughes. Finally, the young lad has a black harness with a built-in dildo fitted onto (and into) him, while he blows Todd. The session finishes with little Donny removing the dildo and getting cockfucked for an encore.

Next, "Come in Leather," takes the viewer outside to witness three more naked hunks getting it on in the great outdoors. That dildo-harness makes another appearance here as one of the lads (known only as Jack) puts it on (and in) and then sucks off his unidentified buddies. A good time is had by all in this scene, but no one is more abandoned than raven-haired Jack, who simply goes wild.

Finally, "Back Seat Affair," captures a hitchhiker scene. A lad is picked up and is soon getting a suck-job in the back seat of a car. This scene switches to the home of the anonymous Italian hunk who has picked up the young hippy. In the bedroom, the sex continues and culminates with the Italian hunk getting royally fucked by his pickup. Both guys are

COURTESY FALCON STUDIOS

Bill Eld in FALCON VIDEO PAC #11

ly enjoy themselves, though neither is up to the quality of the models usually found in Falcon films.

As is usual with these early *Video Pacs*, there is merely a set-up of the situation, no attempt at plot or even story line. All one can judge them by is the sex and the camera work — and both are "on the money." The transfer from film to tape is decent, and the sexplay, positively indecent. [W.R.]

FALCON VIDEO PAC #11 is available from Falcon Studios, P.O. Box 750, San Francisco, CA 94101 for $59.50 plus $3.50 postage and handling. Visa and MasterCard accepted. Specify VHS or Beta. Or call toll free 1-800-227-3717. In California, call 1-415-431-7722.

SGT. SWANN'S PRIVATE FILES

SGT. SWANN'S PRIVATE FILES (1985); Seabag Productions; Written and Directed by Chris Stevens; Camera and Editing by Turk Weinstein; Sound by David Drumm and Colt Ronn. Cast: Glenn Swann; Scott O'Hara; Ed Jerome; Troy, Wayne; Ross; Ken; Rick Donovan. Running time: 89 minutes.

Filmed in the days before he became a Safe Sex spokesman, *Sgt. Swann's Private Files* shows ex-marine Glenn Swann in a variety of high risk scenes that are now, we assume, part of his past. Swann's sudden stardom, solely a result of this film, momentarily approached that of Kip Noll, Casey Donovan, and Al Parker — truly a phenomenal success — though his star shone only briefly.

What was the secret of his popularity? First, of course, there was the mystique surrounding his military past — not only was he an ex-marine, he looked like one. The body was hard and well-toned, the shoulders were broad, the chest was a barrel, the legs seemed endless, and the face might well have been chiseled from granite. Coupled with these physical attributes was a down-home charm and an unabashed delight in his own exhibitionism.

In *Sgt. Swann's Private Files*, he talks directly into the camera, sharing his thoughts, past adventures, and future fantasies in a frankly casual manner that ties the proceedings together into one hot package. The first sequence is a fantasy about "soldiers of the desert." It first focuses on the gigantically endowed Scott O'Hara in a solo warm-up

COURTESY SEABAG PRODUCTIONS

Glenn Swann in SGT. SWANN'S PRIVATE FILES

within a spacious military tent. O'Hara, with his sensuously surly lips, uninhibited fascination with himself, and seemingly effortless skill at auto-fellatio, is soon joined by Swann (wearing a vaguely Prussian uniform). Although O'Hara as the aide de camp is completely subservient through most of the scene, he all but steals it from the star with his skill and equipment. Comparisons are invidious (but inevitable), and anyone's equipment looks modest next to O'Hara's. Still, the scene fairly explodes when Swann sits on that remarkable ramrod and effortlessly manages to absorb it. What's more, O'Hara's money shot is the best of the film, and the opening scene unquestionably belongs to him.

There follow two non-Swann sequences: a solo workout scene by another of Seabag's short-stay stars, Troy, and a hard-driving duet between Rick Donovan and the heavily tattooed sailor, Ed Jerome, who turns out to be a most accommodating bottom. Both scenes prove to be teasers, as we wait for more of Swann, who does not truly come into his own until the fourth episode, when he makes star claim to the film.

In a long strip solo on his office desk, he shows off both his front and back sides in a series of tight close-ups, especially a number of amazing sphincter shots. The self-service is interrupted by a private named Ross, who has been watching him. The ensuing oral action is extremely arousing, and the scene soon escalates into a full-scale orgy when they move into the barracks and are joined by three others (including O'Hara). It is here that Swann becomes the centerpiece of the action, at one point hanging upside-down off a double-decker bunk to give O'Hara head, and at another, being attacked by five mouths, cocks, and pairs of hands. This culminates in a five-star spray of jism from all assembled onto Swann's "Smokey" hat. Quite a sight!

The gay American male has always been on the lookout for a few good marines, and Swann for a time certainly filled the bill most handsomely — the macho military male who could be had — in every imaginable way. [T.U.]

SGT. SWANN'S PRIVATE FILES is available from All Worlds Video, P.O. Box 3770, San Diego, CA 92103 for $40.00 including postage and handling. Visa and MasterCard accepted. Specify VHS or Beta. Or call toll free 1-800-537-8024.

COURTESY SEABAG PRODUCTIONS

Glenn Swann and Scott O'Hara in SGT. SWANN'S PRIVATE FILES

FLASHBACK

FLASHBACK (1981); Surge Studio; No directorial credit, but a "Special Thanks to Steve Scott"; Cameramen, Nick Elliot and Jason Sato; Sound by Tom Howard and D.J. Dawes; Stills by Richard Garfield; Set Design by Andrew Roberts. Cast: Al Parker; Kip Noll; Scott Taylor; Kurt Mannheim; David Wilcox; Steve Taylor; Chris Noll. Running time: 68 minutes.

This durable film, the first release of Surge Studio, starts out with a solo by Al Parker at a photo session to be one of the layouts in a new magazine he is putting together. Parker strokes his humongous cock and twists his balls into an uproar, and when he finally shoots his load, the photographer licks it off his belly. This just makes our star horny all over again — and soon he is rimming the photographer, played with a great deal of genuine sexual enthusiasm by Kurt Mannheim. Their fuck and suck session provides a strong opener.

Next we switch to Kip Noll's house, where he is in the midst of getting a blowjob from the cute, dark haired performer who later became known as Chris Noll. They are interrupted by a call from Parker, requesting a meeting on the beach an hour later. Kip agrees and then goes back to fucking. There is some fabulous camera work here, as we watch superstar Noll lift the boy's legs and enter him — a hot scene, indeed, climaxed by a multi-spurt money shot from Noll.

There follow two most unusual scenes. Back in the photo studio, Scott Taylor does a J.O. solo, followed by an amazing display of autofellatio. Taylor is a good-looking guy with talent to spare in connecting his mouth to that huge dick of his, and he manages to get quite a mouthful of it. The next scene is also out of the ordinary: Parker fucking Steve Taylor by putting both cock and balls up his ass. The apex of this scene, however, is the dead center cum shot by Parker.

On the beach, Parker invites Noll over to look at the modeling shots and to ask him to model for the magazines. They watch the various layout models on a movie screen, while they both jerk off, side by side on a couch-bed — and this, unfortunately, is the full extent of their sexual contact in the film. Up onscreen are Chris Noll again, as well as David Wilcox, a hot-looking young man who performs a solo where he gets the cock up, keeps it up, and finally pays off in a creamy, multi-spurted, seemingly endless cum shot that is the most impressive explosion of the entire film. After this viewing, Noll decides to model for Parker's magazine, and *Flashback* finishes with Noll working on himself — body, cock, eyes — everything that made Kip Noll a star, is there on full display. Both he and Parker were at the peak of their form in this film.

Flashback is not a perfect film by any stretch of the imagination, but it is a promising first effort that led to Parker's successful directorial career. There are enough hot men and scenes in it to make it worth the while of anyone interested in these two legends, not to mention Scott Taylor. The sex scenes are all hot, and the camera work is sometimes downright inspired, but we still fantasize about what a Parker-Noll fuck and suck session might have been like. [W.R.]

FLASHBACK is available from Bijou Video Sales, 1363 N. Wells St., Chicago, IL 60610 for $64.95 plus $3.00 postage and handling. Visa, MasterCard, American Express, and Telecheck accepted. Specify VHS or Beta. Or call toll free 1-800-932-7111. In Illinois, call 1-800-527-2369. Bijou is unable to ship to North Carolina, Nebraska, Tennessee, or Utah.

COURTESY SURGE STUDIO

Scott Taylor in FLASHBACK

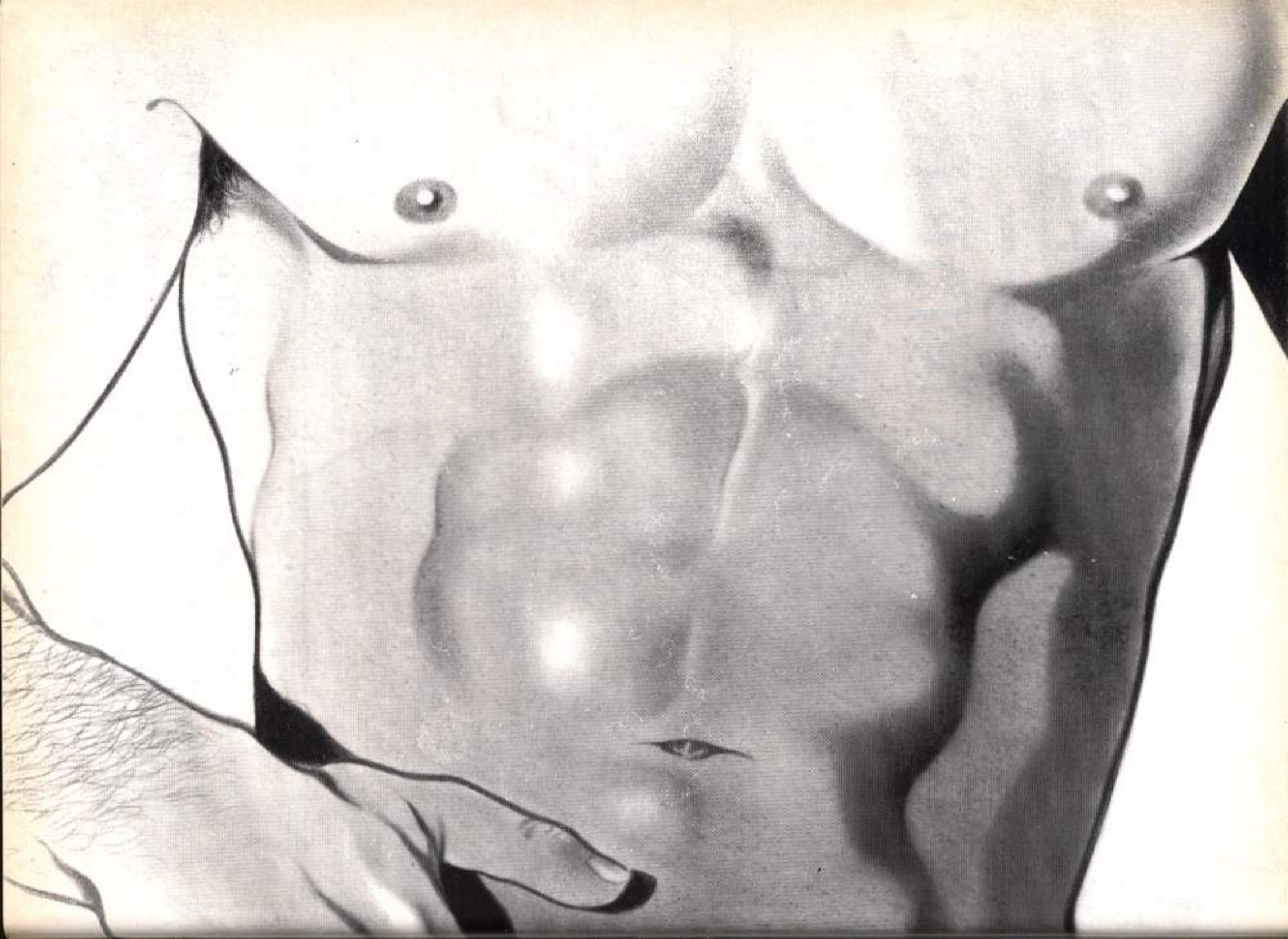
TEXT AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT W. RICHARDS

STEVE KENNEDY BECOMES LUKE BENDER

Although he works in films under two different names, Steve Kennedy/Luke Bender is a very singular man. Dark, streamlined and feisty, he prowls Hollywood, his native habitat, leaving his mark wherever he chooses. He speaks in a low, slurring growl, his words carefully measured to express the ideas he's forged out of his experiences and convictions.

Manshots: Why are you making films under two different names?
Bender: When I first started in this business, I did a couple of movies back to back, and while I was trying to figure out a name for myself, my agent called Falcon Studios and found out they'd already chosen one for me.
Manshots: Luke Bender?
Bender: Yes. Apparently they thought that name suited my screen image — or their idea of what my screen image should be.
Manshots: But you came up with Steve Kennedy.
Bender: Right, but I'd spoken with the creative director of Falcon and had told him I liked the name "Luke," so the mix-up is partly my fault. But, although I have two names, I'm *always* the same person.
Manshots: Do you feel the confusion could be harmful?
Bender: Not at all. I have a very strong physical presence; I can overcome it. In fact, it might even be helpful: Some people might not like the films Steve Kennedy's in, but like the films Luke Bender's in — or vice versa.
Manshots: What inspired you to choose "Kennedy"?
Bender: To me, "Kennedy" represents a sense of power, a sense of sexuality... mischievousness...an aura of integrity.
Manshots: Based on Jchn F. Kennedy?
Bender: Kind of. In a way.
Manshots: John, Jr.?
Bender: Yeah! All of them — so sexual and mischievous.
Manshots: All those rumors of desktop fucking in the Oval Office.
Bender: Oh yes! All of that. Marilyn Monroe, all that stuff.
Manshots: Kind of gets to me, too.
Bender: And they got away with it!
Manshots: Your first film work was done for Falcon?
Bender: Yes, but I worked for Vivid at the same time — literally. I did a film with Jeff Stryker.
Manshots: *Powerfull II?*
Bender: Right. (*Hesitates*) It was quite difficult working with him.
Manshots: Why?
Bender: Because working with someone who's the producer, the writer, the director, the star — and a very big star at that — was very intimidating and difficult.
Manshots: Was your experience with Falcon very different?
Bender: Falcon is *wonderful* to work for. They make you very comfortable, and they create a sexual atmosphere for their actors. Everything you need or want is right there.
Manshots: And they're very careful to make their actors look their best.
Bender: They take the time and they

"I'm a chameleon. I like to create a sense of mystery. I want to make people use their imaginations...it turns me on to think that I can reach people sexually through video."



make the effort; they know what making movies is all about. They treat you like a star, and God knows, we all like that. We *love* it!

Manshots: More about your Stryker experience...

Bender: It was my very first movie, and to be brought onto a set and be expected to perform like a pro — (*Pause*) He was very demanding. *Very* demanding. He was like "This is what I see should happen," "Let's make it happen" and "Why isn't this happening *right now?*"

Manshots: Was he doing all this standing there with a hard-on?

Bender: Yes, he was! In my opinion, in any business, you have to relegate certain things to certain people so they can concentrate on their individual jobs with a common goal: to produce a good, solid product.

Manshots: Of course, prior to working with him, you'd seen Stryker on film.

Bender: Of course, and I really looked up to him. I'd also seen him around West Hollywood, and, like everybody else, it was "Oh, look, there's Jeff Stryker!" But suddenly I was standing there naked right next to him, he had a raging hard-on, and I was expected to perform! It was unnerving! In his favor, I must say he has flawless skin, and sexually he's almost like a machine. I was really blown away by his presence.

Manshots: Those qualities are right up there on the screen; he has *that* thing. Someone once said about Marilyn Monroe that she was a genius from the first moment she stepped in front of a camera, and Stryker has that kind of impact. And then, there's that dick.

Bender: Yeah, I sucked on it.

Manshots: Did you enjoy the experience, sexually?

Bender: Well, of course! But I think he was a little bit intimidated because I could take the whole thing down my throat. I think it scared him, maybe made him feel his dick was small or something. I don't know, but it was fun, for a minute.

Manshots: You just swallowed it?

Bender: Right down — to the base.

Manshots: Had you rehearsed?

Bender: No, but I'd had a few years of practice — (*Laughs*) — and experience always helps.

Manshots: Speaking of "standing there naked," as you did a few moments ago, you're one of those people who look completely different in clothes than you do out of them.

Bender: Yes.

Manshots: In clothes, you look like a young banker.

Bender: (*Laughs explosively*) I'm a chameleon. I like to create a sense of mystery. I want to make people use their imaginations.

Manshots: Imaginary experiences can be more fulfilling than actual ones. That's one of the reasons millions of people are jerking off — this very minute.

Bender: Thank you! It turns me on to think that I can reach people sexually through video, that maybe people can experience things, by watching me, that they've wanted to do all their lives. Maybe there are monogamous lovers out there who fantasize about threeways; through me, and all the other men in this industry, they can experience those fantasies and remain monogamous. In that way I feel I'm doing my community a service, by doing something they've always wanted to do and letting them see me do it.

Manshots: How do people react when you take off your clothes? Are they surprised at how toned and trim you are, at how spectacular your chest is, at that big, insane tattoo on your shoulder, and at your cock which is sometimes deceptively small and at other times amazingly big?

Bender: I'm just living proof that you can't always judge things by what you see on the surface. It always surprises me that whenever people discuss how someone looks in the nude, the whole emphasis is always on how hard his cock is — or isn't. I think it's weird. Is your dick hard twenty-four hours a day?

Manshots: Twenty-two.

Bender: Okay, so there are a couple of hours a day when you're just not hard. I love to see soft dick in movies. I like to see people taking their clothes off and revealing themselves slowly and deliberately. Maybe it's me, but I don't like to let everybody see everything all at once. Mystery is very important.

Manshots: Are you talking about your personal life as well?

Bender: Oh yes, most definitely.

Manshots: Is your personal life... interesting?

Bender: My life is wild! I'm from Hollywood. Well, I was born in Europe and brought here at a very early age, but I grew up in Hollywood and I've seen it *all!* I have really wild friends — the "A" crowd.

Manshots: The "A" crowd?

Bender: We're always leaders and we have a great time, no matter what. We create a nonstop party atmosphere wherever we go.

Manshots: What's your idea of a good time?

Bender: One of my favorite things to do is socialize. I love to hang out and party, go dancing and just be wild. Let my inhibitions run free. There's a club I love called Probe. Those of us who go there are like a big family, with just enough people we don't know thrown in to keep things interesting. We listen to music and dance. I really like it, but I also hang out

"Sex seems to play a very large role in my life. Sometimes I feel like the ghost of Marilyn Monroe — as though everywhere I go, I have to exude sexuality. I do love turning heads."

by myself a lot. I'm a loner.

Manshots: A lone wolf?

Bender: Kind of. Yeah, in a way. I've been on my own for a long time, and it's taken a lot of hard work to get where I am. I'm very successful and very independent. I love cruising around. I like looking at people; people fascinate me, their behavior fascinates me.

Manshots: Do you have a career other than films?

Bender: Yes I do. (*Hesitates*) I'm an accomplished pastry chef. You can't exist on pornography.

Manshots: Spiritually or financially?

Bender: Both. You can't do a movie every week to pay the rent. One thing my agent and I work at is not overexposing me, because I would like to have some longevity in films. I enjoy doing this work, but I don't want to be in everything, on everything. I'd like to still be doing this a few years from now.

Manshots: How did you acquire an agent?

Bender: Through a friend who had one. He thought I should go into these movies, and he offered to introduce me to his agent. At first, I resisted the idea, but eventually I went to talk to the man, and he immediately set me up with Falcon and Jeff Stryker. I don't know — most people are very down on agents, but I kind of appreciate what mine has done for me. We have a very good business relationship.

Manshots: Did you think you were good material for pornographic films?

Bender: At first, no. I didn't think I was the caliber of...Well, you see all these boys up there on the screen, and their bodies are flawless, they have no hair on their bodies — they're...like... glamorous! I remember the old pornography when the guys were guys. They were rough; they were finished, but they had raw edges. They had great bodies, but not perfect ones. You see, I like flaws. I like the things that make men... *men*. Too many times you see these boys in movies who are...Well, their hair is absolutely perfect, their make-up's perfect, not a blemish on their bodies. They don't have tattoos, they don't have scars, while in reality men have their nicks and flaws, and *that's* sexually exciting to me because it communicates that they've been places and done things, they've had adventures.

Manshots: Life has banged them around a bit.

Bender: They've been out there *experiencing* things. I like that.

Manshots: Do you think you're good-looking?

Bender: (*Instantly*) Oh yeah, definitely! I have a very high opinion of myself. I work very hard at taking care of my appearance. I was awkward and unpopular as a kid, but I'm what's called a late bloomer. I seem to be getting better with age.

Manshots: Pray it keeps happening.

Bender: I'm very happy about that. I look at people I went to high school with — people who were popular and glamorous, football players with great bodies always surrounded by people, they all had girlfriends — and I used to ask myself why I wasn't like them, why I didn't look like them.

Manshots: When you're young, a great body's a gift. Later in life, it's a reward.

Bender: Now when I see those guys, they have pot-bellies and their hair's falling out, they're not successful and their wives are unattractive. It makes me grateful and it makes me work even harder at looking my best.

Manshots: Were you late-blooming at everything?

Bender: Not at all! No, I was very sexual very early on. I never came out of the closet, 'cause I was never *in* the closet. I always knew I liked guys — *always*.

Manshots: Did you have brothers?

Bender: Four of them.

Manshots: Younger or older?

Bender: I'm the youngest, the last.

Manshots: How much older were they?

Bender: We were all a couple of years apart, very well planned. With that many boys in a family, you learn to survive and to fight for your territory and for your *self*. That's what built my character and made me a very strong person.

Manshots: Were you sexually active at an early age?

Bender: Most definitely. I was always very, very curious; I'm one who's always ready to try something new, to be adventurous, to stimulate my mind — and sex is very stimulating mentally.

Manshots: Explain your tattoo.

Bender: The tattoo is very significant because I got it for myself for my birthday. I'd always wanted one — I think they're very sexy. It represents my astrological sign, the centaur — Sagittarius. Half-beast, half-man.

Manshots: That's what I was referring to earlier about you *in* your clothes and you *out* of them. Clothed, you're the polite young gentleman; naked, the beast emerges.

Bender: Right. I can be with the richest of the rich and know which fork to eat with. But then, underneath, there's the sleazier me.

Manshots: The one who can swallow Jeff Stryker's cock in one gulp.

Bender: Exactly. And I think that's so wild.

Manshots: Which is your favorite of the scenes you've done so far on film?

Bender: In Falcon's *Plunge* I did a scene with Andy. (*Pause*) I've forgotten his last name. But that's one of the best things I've done. In *Island Heat* I did a scene in a Jacuzzi with two guys, and one of the guys was really — (*Another pause*) I can't remember his name either. (*Laughs*) Oh well, I don't know which scene was my favorite. They've all been

"I like anonymous sex...I like not knowing what's under a man's shirt or what's in his pants, or what the space between his balls and his asshole is like."

different and fun.

Manshots: Do you enjoy the actual process of making films?

Bender: Yes, I do. Now I do. At the beginning I was a little scared and nervous, but once I figured out what was going on and that I *am* like those other men and that I too *can* make movies...the basic thing is that I love being an exhibitionist.

Manshots: How does that manifest itself in your personal life?

Bender: Sex seems to play a very large role in my life. Sometimes I feel like the ghost of Marilyn Monroe — as though, everywhere I go, I have to exude sexuality. I do love turning heads.

Manshots: How do you dress for your head-turning forays?

Bender: I usually wear the same things over and over again: jeans, tee shirts, and black boots. I like a masculine look.

Manshots: Do you work at your pastry job every day?

Bender: No, I don't. I free-lance. I work for caterers or for private clients. Basically, I can't work for other people; I have a very hard time taking orders and directions from people I don't respect.

Manshots: Not working for anyone specific gives you a much better shot at being in control.

Bender: Yes, and being in control is very important to me.

Manshots: Have you had lovers?

Bender: I've had one when I was very young. It was a very long relationship.

Manshots: Was it monogamous?

Bender: Not at all. I'm not a monogamous person. I don't believe you can run gay relationships based on heterosexual values.

Manshots: Homosexual unions can't deliver the same payoffs, can they? There are no children to watch grow, no external ties that bind — only the internal values that are developed and nurtured by both men.

Bender: I prefer to develop deep friendships and sexual partnerships that don't involve monogamy or living together. It just seems to me that imitations of straight marriages don't work between men. The sex drives are too strong.

Manshots: Do many of your friends feel the same way?

Bender: A lot of my friends are hoping to meet "him," that one someone they can totally be with. But I feel, in many cases, that they're motivated more by a fear of winding up alone than by love. For me, at least, it seems healthier to base my relationships on friendship, mutual sexual pleasure, and communication.

Manshots: Don't forget freedom!

Bender: I *have* to be free. I have to have my own place to live in.

Manshots: You like living alone.

Bender: I love *being* alone.

Manshots: So do I. I always have.

Bender: Yeah, you can go out, you can do whatever you want, you don't have to wear clothes, you know where your stuff is. You can turn the phone off, shut the door and do just as you please. I like myself, and I like to be with myself.

Manshots: Do you spend a lot of time alone?

Bender: A lot. Sometimes I get irritated because too many people are pulling at me, wanting to hang around and party with me. I enjoy and like people, but I like to do things on my own. I want to prowl around and cruise around. Being with myself makes me stronger.

Manshots: If your life stayed just as it is right now, would you be a happy man?

Bender: Yes, I would be. I'm really proud that I'm a self-made man. I've worked hard for everything I have, and I've achieved most of the goals I've set for myself. Each year has been better than the last.

Manshots: What's your next goal?

Bender: My next goal? I think I want to start a business. I'm not sure what it will be, but I think I'm ready to do it — and be successful at it.

Manshots: What about your future in films?

Bender: I hope to continue having fun doing them, as opposed to having to do them out of a need to be seen or for the money.

Manshots: Is the money good?

Bender: I'm well paid and I appreciate that, but I'm not in it for the money. I'm in it for the fantasy.

Manshots: Have you ever had an experience on a movie set that made you think you might not want to do it ever again?

Bender: Well, I must admit the Stryker film almost defeated me, but something inside me made me want to prove to myself that I *could* do it and be good at it.

Manshots: Do you watch pornography?

Bender: I love pornography. I'm a very visual person.

Manshots: Do you watch it alone?

Bender: Yes I do — and with other people. A lot of people can't understand why you'd watch porn while you're having sex with someone, but for me, that extra element heightens the experience.

Manshots: Some people are even jealous of images. They measure themselves against what's on the screen and feel they have to compete.

Bender: I welcome the additional sexual energy, but then I like group sex.

Manshots: Is there much of it around?

Bender: Sometimes it's pretty hard to find, but yes, it's out there. (*Smiles*) I seem to attract it. I don't have any problem.

Manshots: Just how sexually adventurous are you?

Bender: I'm into S & M, light bondage, discipline. I *love* to dominate boys and men — I love that mental trip. I like to dominate older men, a kind of reverse father-son scene. The best sex comes when there's complete mental commitment and communication — when you move beyond the verbal plane into a spiritual level, where everything between two people is understood.

Manshots: Do you prefer sex with people you know, or anonymous sex?

Bender: I like anonymous sex.

Manshots: That's a throwback to the Seventies. Very few people would admit that now.

Bender: Really? Well, I do have people in my life that I meet with every now and then because we have fabulous sex; we both know what the other needs. Some of them I've been seeing for seven or eight years. But I like mystery, the unknown. I like not knowing what's under a man's shirt or what's in his pants, or what the space between his balls and his asshole is like.

Manshots: We're reaching the end of our time. Any parting words?

Bender: Only that I really appreciate the people who enjoy watching me, and that I hope I'm in films long enough to have the opportunity to fulfill all their fantasies by doing everything they've ever dreamt of seeing me do.★

VIEW TO A THRILL

Rex Chandler and Michael White

PHOTOS COURTESY AVO

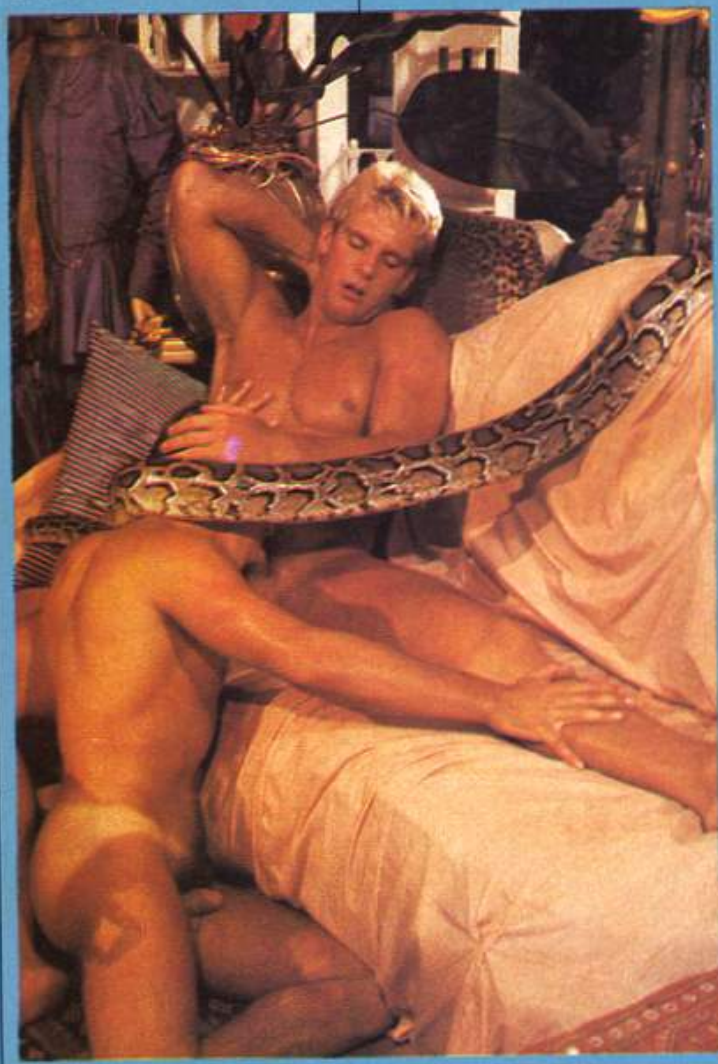
VIEW TO A THRILL

VIEW TO A THRILL (1989); Associated Video Group; Directed by Marc Fredrics; Produced by Marc Fredrics and John Summers; Music by Joe Spinner; Make-up by Tom Lowe; Videography by Marc Fredrics; Editing by Derik Spencer and Marc Fredrics. Cast: Rex Chandler; Steve Henson; Adam Grant; Kevin Sharpe; Michael White; Corey Savage. Running time: 88 minutes.

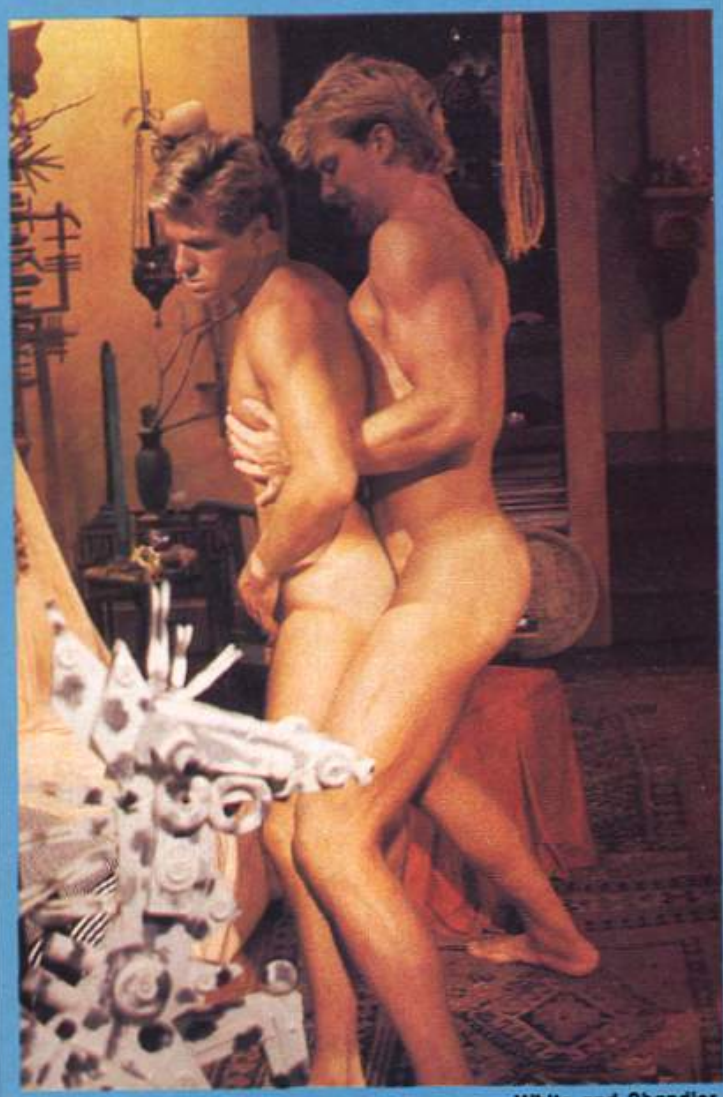
As its title implies, *View to a Thrill* is a gay variation on the James Bond spy flicks, and in it, Rex Chandler plays the secret agent, with much the same sort of elan that Connery and Moore brought to the role.

The film fairly crackles with sexual heat, but it is also surprisingly faithful to its source in its preposterous plotting, its exotic settings, its pulsating title song and score, its no-nonsense villain, and its all-pervasive air of machismo. About the only things missing are the British accents, the extravagant gadgetry of the espionage game, and the women in heat — but who cares, when the Bond-bimbos have been replaced by the likes of Steve Henson, Kevin Sharpe, and Michael White? Trust me — you won't even miss Ursula Andress.

View to a Thrill opens in Los Angeles, where secret agent Chandler is heading for the airport en route to Hawaii. There, a foreign Princess and her White Diamond are holed up awaiting aid and protection. As in most Bond films, the plot makes absolutely no sense whatsoever, and here it is repeatedly disposed of, between sexual encounters, with a few succinct lines of voice-over. The gadgetry set-pieces have been replaced by the sex scenes, and for the most part, they are extravagantly outrageous, in perfect keeping with the tone of the piece. And Chandler, though still basically trade, has never seemed more at ease in front of the camera — even his hair seems more relaxed than usual.



Michael White and Rex Chandler



White and Chandler

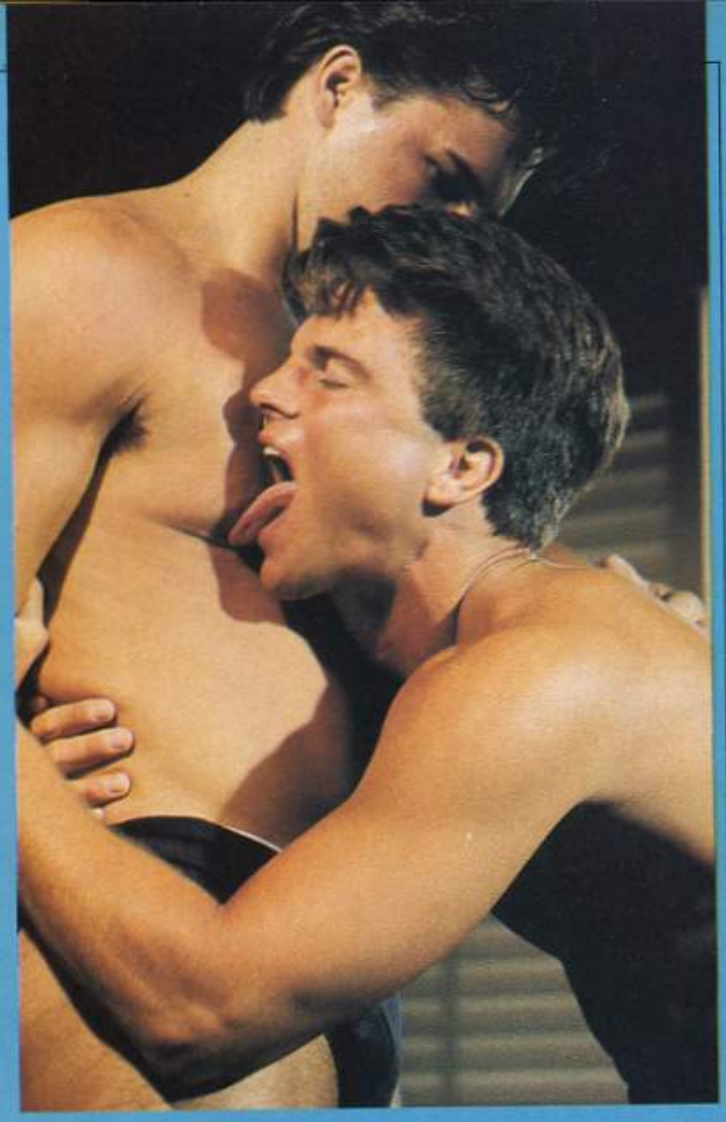
Most of the film was shot on location in Honolulu, where Chandler first contacts the Princess' general factotum. He is played by Michael White, who is first seen doing pull-ups on a trapeze, wearing only the briefest of briefs. Without a word, Chandler appears, strips, and soon joins him in a dazzling display of rippling musculature, as the two continue the exercises together on the bar. Face to face and crotch to crotch, they rise and drop in perfect tandem. This soon leads to nuzzling, licking and biting — but no kissing — before Chandler actually kneads White's crotch briefly. In a series of long dissolves that linger like double exposures, Chandler eventually hangs from the bar by his knees, to be rimmed upside down, his face in White's crotch — though he never

Rex Chandler (top) and Michael White

samples the equipment stiffening there. In time, after White has given him head, they adjourn to a couch where they are soon joined by a monstrous snake that slithers across their bodies — but they do not miss a stroke or lose their erections. After such ingenious foreplay, the fucking seems almost anti-climactic, but this is the most unusual sex scene of the year.

Chandler next follows the Princess' bisexual boyfriend (newcomer Corey Savage) to a rendezvous with Adam Grant, who is not as colorful a villain as, say, Goldfinger or Dr. No, but quickly proves himself a formidable adversary. With one line of dialogue — "You've got something I want, and I know I've got something you want." — he drops towel to reveal a raging hard-on that is promptly planted between Savage's cushiony cheeks. To the pulse of jungle drums, he corkscrews the ass in a steady, hard-driving fuck — and before it is over, he has delivered a brace of money shots that are equally notable.

Chandler then follows Grant to the villain's yacht, moored in view of Diamond Head, and watches him "abuse his sex slave." In this role, Steve Henson returns to the screen after a long absence, with his hair bleached blond, but otherwise no different from the insatiable creature who mesmerized audiences in *Like a Horse* and *Pizza Boy*. His tongue fluttering like a hummingbird on amphetamines, he attacks Grant's erection with such frenzy that one might suspect he had not had sex since his last screen appearance. The frenetic fuck that follows is equally explosive — until Grant, suddenly suspecting that the secret agent is closing in, jumps overboard. In a trice, Chandler replaces Grant in Henson's ass, and the slave doesn't even seem to notice the switch. The sequence



▲Corey Savage and Adam Grant

▼Grant and Savage

Adam Grant and Steve Henson

Adam Grant

Kevin Sharpe and Rex Chandler

ends with Henson capping his comeback by firing off a money shot that directors (and viewers) dream about.

Finally, deciding that "the diamond is safe for another day" — don't ask why! — Chandler takes a break from his arduous schedule to visit fellow secret agent Kevin Sharpe. First he drills his old buddy with a dildo the size of a Louisville Slugger, and when he removes it, Sharpe remains in position, heels to heaven, so that Chandler can drop into him for another turbulent ruting that culminates in a copious orgasm that is simultaneously matched by Sharpe.

View to a Thrill concludes with Chandler inviting the viewer to join him in the pursuit of The White Diamond — we didn't even know it was missing! — in the next installment, to be called *The Man with the Golden Rod.* None of this makes any sense, except the sex scenes, which are ingeniously devised, glossily photographed, and executed with bravura.

Every care has been lavished on this elaborate production, the narrative and erotic lines are skillfully intertwined. Each member of the cast gives the best performance of his career. The videography is big-budget elegant (if occasionally a bit self-indulgent in the scenic shots). And best of all, the sex scenes suggest that there indeed may be something new under the sun, after all. Director Marc Fredrics has created a class act all the way, and with *View to a Thrill,* moves into the pantheon of the genre's major directors. [J.D.]

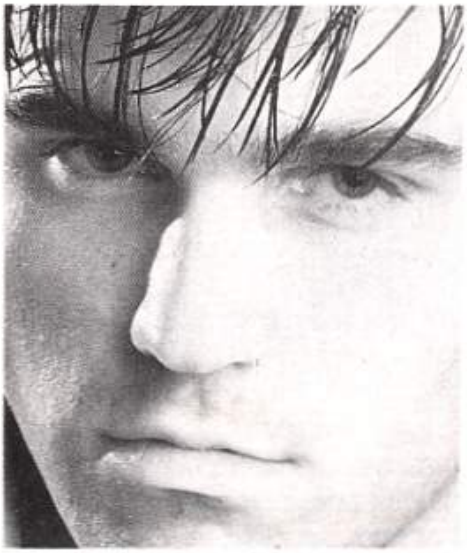
VIEW TO A THRILL is available from Champions, 8721 Santa Monica Blvd., Suite 37, West Hollywood, CA 90069 for $49.95 including postage and handling. Visa and MasterCard accepted. Specify VHS or Beta. Or call toll free 1-800-726-1610. In California, call 1-213-854-3540. Offer void where prohibited by law.

Rex Chandler and Kevin Sharpe

NEWCOMER

INTERVIEW BY ROB STEVENS

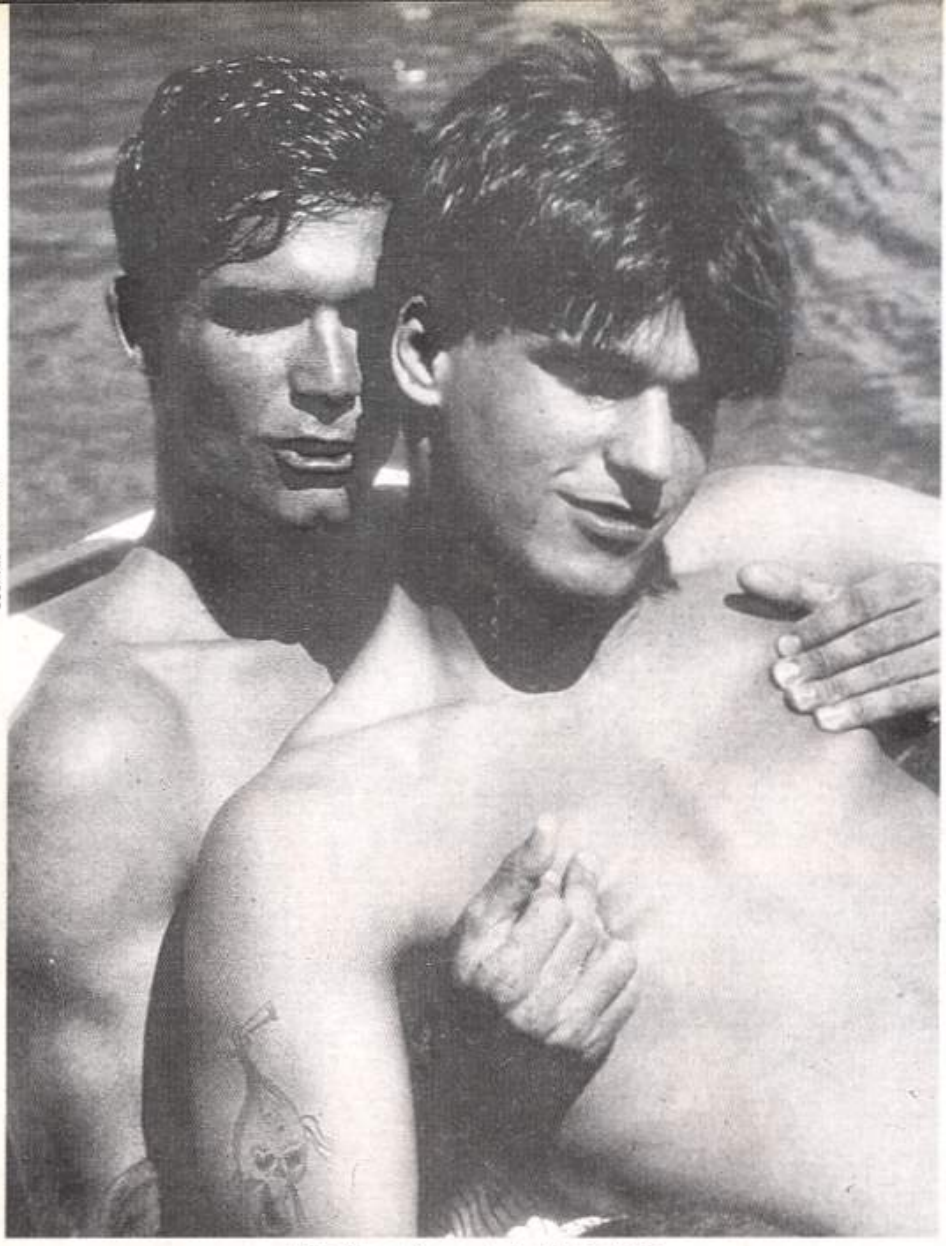
JOEY STEFANO



COURTESY CATALINA VIDEO

Joey Stefano is a hot new bottom who has crammed a lot of living into a very few years. This New Year's baby (he was twenty-two last January 1) was born in Chester, Pennsylvania, grew up across the river in Delaware, and spent his teen years in Philadelphia. He has only been in Hollywood — and in the business — since last July, but in three months he has made twelve films, including Buddy System II, Sharon and Karen, Raw Footage, Hard Knocks, Plunge, *and* A Fond Focus.

He sits in his new apartment in West Hollywood that he shares with roommate and fellow porn actor Tony Davis. From the minute the tape recorder is turned on, he begins to talk in a stream of consciousness that makes asking questions virtually unnecessary.



COURTESY VIVID VIDEO

With Steve Kennedy in THE RIVER

Manshots: What made you want to get into the business?

Stefano: I always wanted to get into porno. When I was a young kid, I used to watch it, and would fantasize being with that person, especially people I liked. It always made me feel alive. I always wanted to do it, and I can't believe that today I am doing it.

Manshots: How did you go about making your fantasy come true?

Stefano: I also always wanted to model, but never gave it a chance — I used to move furniture. But then I decided to get some pictures done. I knew a friend who was in porno in Philadelphia. He's becoming a Broadway actor now. He taught me how to pose and took some Polaroids of me...I went up to New York to see if I could find some work with *Mandate* or some other magazine. I ended up going on a job that Tony (Davis) was on. It was weird, because when I saw him, I said, "There's a porno star, someone I can talk to." We did talk, and I showed him my pictures. He told me he could get me work, introduce me to some people. About a week later, he called me in Philadelphia and told me to come on out to Los Angeles. So I sold everything in my apartment and came right out...The first person he introduced me to was Chi Chi LaRue.

Manshots: Did you start making films right away?

Stefano: No. When I first came out here, I had a little bit of money from selling everything. I lived at the Sahara Motel on Sunset Boulevard for about six weeks, but it was expensive...I hate hustling, but I did that a couple times in one of the bars here. I met a lot of people who wanted to get me into the movies. But I just stuck with Chi Chi, who didn't have any movie lined up for me right away...But he did let me move in with him, so I stopped hustling.

Manshots: How was making your first film, *Buddy System II?*

Stefano: I wasn't happy with my scenes. I'm a bottom man, and I did my job, but I just wasn't attracted to the guy, Ryan Yaeger, so I didn't get a hard-on. I think he should get an award for best newcomer. He's a good actor, a good performer, and his dick always stays hard, but I just wasn't attracted to him...Then I had a scene with Gino Colbert. Offscreen we were fabulous together, but onscreen it was terrible for both of us. For me, I don't think I gave a good performance...To be honest with you, I don't like that movie.

Manshots: Why do you think you had such a problem?

Stefano: It being my first movie, I think I was so paranoid and concentrated to get a hard-on. I wanted to do good, and I thought about it so much, there was no way I could do it. Since then I've gotten better. I've had no problem in any other movie...That's what is so great about working with Chi Chi. He works with me, he finds me models I want to work with...I like the older models who are now mostly out of the business: Eric Manchester, Kurt Bauer, Cole Carpenter, Chad Douglas, Dick Masters...If I'm not attracted to the guy, you're just not going to get a good performance out of me. I need to be attracted to somebody ...It's not just in the movies — it's that way in my personal life.

Manshots: And exactly what kind of man are you attracted to?

Stefano: Real butch, rough, manly, dominant men. And I like older guys. It's a turn-on to me to please and be pleased by an older guy. I can't turn on to someone who is passive...For instance, there was this guy I met at a market. And he was married, but we went out on a date. I just couldn't handle it, because he was so confused. That's a real head trip for me. We had sex, and the next night he came over, and I didn't want to be with him. I wanted to be his friend, but nothing else. I need to be with someone who wants to be with me...I like straight guys, but I don't like straight guys who do nothing. I want to work with Rex Chandler so bad, but someone told me how he is, and now I'm...(*Makes a*

COURTESY FALCON STUDIOS

With Lon Flexx in PLUNGE

discouraging sound.) He has a pretty boy look, but he talks real rough, like a straight. Straight guys turn me on, 'cause it's a challenge. . .I just worked with Jon Vincent, who's been out of the business for awhile. He's married. I watched all his tapes to see what he does and doesn't do, because I like kissing. If the person says he's straight, that's fine, but if he's going to say "Okay, you suck my dick and I'm going to fuck you, but I'm not going to touch it," I don't want to be with him. That's how I am. . .I hang out with some of the models. A lot of them in the business say they're straight, and I have no problem with that. It's a mind trip for me, because I remember what it was like for me coming out of the closet. Back where I come from, gay life is not very popular, it's not accepted. . .I had problems with drugs and drinking, and I was in a program for two years, NA and AA. And I can see for a lot of models, this is an escape for them. . .Like Jeff Stryker. He was an idol to me, once. I wouldn't mind working with him. If I had a scene with him, I'd go to town, I wouldn't care what he said. This would be my one chance to work with him, and I'm going to do what I want and have a good time. I really get pissed off at some of the things he says, movies he makes — it's the same old shit. He's no different from anybody else. . .I do give him credit — he's probably the only person in the business who has really made a name for himself. I would like to work with him. I know I would get a hard-on; it would be another fantasy come true. . .You know what else I found out? A lot of people in the business who come off so straight, I just have a hard time believing it. I have a hard time believing guys who do this work say they're married or have a girlfriend, and they can still get a hard-on. And they play that (straight) role on the set, and it really sucks. Sometimes it ruins the performance.

Manshots: Who are some of the other models you have worked with or would like to work with?

Stefano: I really loved working with Andrew Michaels. Lon Flexxe was great to work with. Hans Mueller. I found I can work with some models over and over again. . .like Andrew, Lon. Jon Vincent is the hottest model for me right now. We're good friends too, but on the set I am so turned on by him, and he knows it. Maybe it's because of his butchness, or his rough personality. When I walk up to somebody, the way I can really tell if I can work with them is if my dick gets hard. . .I want to work with Kurt Bauer, even though he's a bottom. I'd love to be a topman in a movie. But everybody looks at my ass and says, "Okay, you're a bottom." That's it — they look at my ass and no one thinks of me as a top. Everyone thinks you need a real huge dick to be a top, and I think that's bull crap. Chi Chi said I could be the top in one movie, and I'd like it to be with Kurt Bauer, 'cause he's so hot. . . There's not enough guys in the business for me. Not the ones I want. They're all out of the business, because someone rich took them or something like that. When I first came out here, I had so many opportunities: "Don't do movies, be with me." I don't want to be taken care of, I want to do it on my own. I don't want a rich "daddy" to support me. I don't want to be with somebody I don't want to be with. I'd rather go hustle on the boulevard.

COURTESY VIVID VIDEO

With Andrew Michaels in BUDDY SYSTEM II

COURTESY FALCON STUDIOS

With Lon Flexx in PLUNGE

Manshots: Have you only worked with Chi Chi LaRue?

Stefano: No, I've done some films for other companies if Chi Chi thought it would be a good move for me. I did three films for Falcon, and they used rubbers on me. The first time they didn't use a rubber, and I told Chi Chi I wasn't sure about doing another. As far as AIDS is concerned, in my personal life I use rubbers. I figured if they want me bad enough, they'll use a rubber. . . A lot of people in the business try to make a name for you. Falcon wanted to make me the next Kevin Williams, and Chi Chi didn't want that, and I think Chi Chi has done fine by me. . . I don't need to have huge things up my ass or be pissed on or anything like that. I don't think that should be on camera. I'm not about to do any sick shit on film. Even if I could do it, I wouldn't. You don't need to make that kind of reputation on film for people to like you. That's what I believe.

Manshots: Have your fantasies of making porno films lived up to the reality of making them?

Stefano: I love the business, I really do. I think it's exciting, something I want to do, something I don't feel bad about doing. I've met a lot of models who feel ashamed of what they're doing, don't want to talk about it. I don't brag about it, but I'm not ashamed of what I do. I like it. . . When I'm on the set, I'm there to have fun, even though it's a job. I worry about the other model as much as I worry about me. . . I'm the kind of person who wants to know who I'm working with before I even start the movie — what they're about, if they're gay — if they're not gay, what's their trip? It's all so exciting to me. It's a dream come true that I'm doing this. . . People say I like to be dominated, but that's not true. In a recent movie I worked with the roughest guy. . . In all his movies he's always dominated, and I dominated him, and it flipped his mind. Because I like sex, and when I'm on the set, I don't care who's there (watching) — we're going to have a scene, a good time. It's not all work to me. It's one of my fantasies that I'm acting out. . . When I first came out here, a lot of friends said, "You're going to find nothing but drugs and fucked-up people on the set." And that's not true. On all the sets I've worked on, the most I've seen is someone drinking a beer. In Philly I was told that the producers would get you anything you wanted on the set — coke, etc. It's nothing like that, and I feel good about that.

Manshots: What do you find to be the hardest part of the business?

Stefano: The hardest part for me is getting a hard-on for a fluff shoot for a magazine. One time they were ready to hire Eric Manchester or someone just to pose for me (so I could get hard). I guess it's a mind block. I just did a layout for *Advocate Men*, and it's getting easier.

Manshots: What are your plans for the future?

Stefano: I'm doing like four more

COURTESY SIERRA-PACIFIC

With Lon Flexx in SEX, LIES, AND VIDEOCASSETTES

COURTESY CATALINA VIDEO

With Adam Grant in BILLBOARD

movies in the next month, and then I'm stopping for about six months. I don't want to get overexposed. I'm beginning to know this business. Once the next beautiful face comes along with a gorgeous body and a nice butt, you're a has-been. You're overexposed, you're done. That's why I'm going to stop for about six months. . . There are a lot of models that start out at a good price and then drop their fee and don't care. You can be a $400 a day model and get work every day. I won't do that — I won't sell myself cheap. I don't want to do every movie that comes along. I want to do the movies that are exciting. . . I like writing scripts and helping out on the set. I can think of a lot of good titles and a lot of good stories. I want to work in that way with Chi Chi for the next six months. . . I am looking forward to my layoff. Sometimes the movies can burn you out. It's mentally frustrating, and it does wear you out. If you work for five consecutive days doing movies and layouts, and all you're doing is beating your meat, it's frustrating, because you have a personal life, too. . . When we're having sex on the set, I try to consider it not just a job, but fun. Because when I come home, I'm always horny.

Manshots: What do you do in your personal life?

Stefano: I go out with friends. See a lot of movies. I just moved into this new apartment and I'm furnishing it. I'm into black, as you can see. Now that I have a TV and a dog, I can have more of a home life. . . Before, I was going out to the clubs, doing a lot of dancing. And no one noticed me. Only when they entered me in a "Buns" contest at Studio One . . . I'm getting a car and I'm saving some money. I know (a career in) porno does not last. There are things I want to do out here when I get the chance. I want to go to school, but that takes time. I'm doing some fashion modeling, also. There is so much to do, and you can't do it all at once.

Manshots: I find it hard to believe that with your looks and those eyes, no one noticed you in the bars.

Stefano: Yeah, my eyes and my bubble-butt. That's what everyone has always noticed about me first, and I get so tired of it. I'm more than that.★

WILD SHOTS

SPECIAL VIDEOS FOR SPECIAL FASCINATIONS

SHAVING

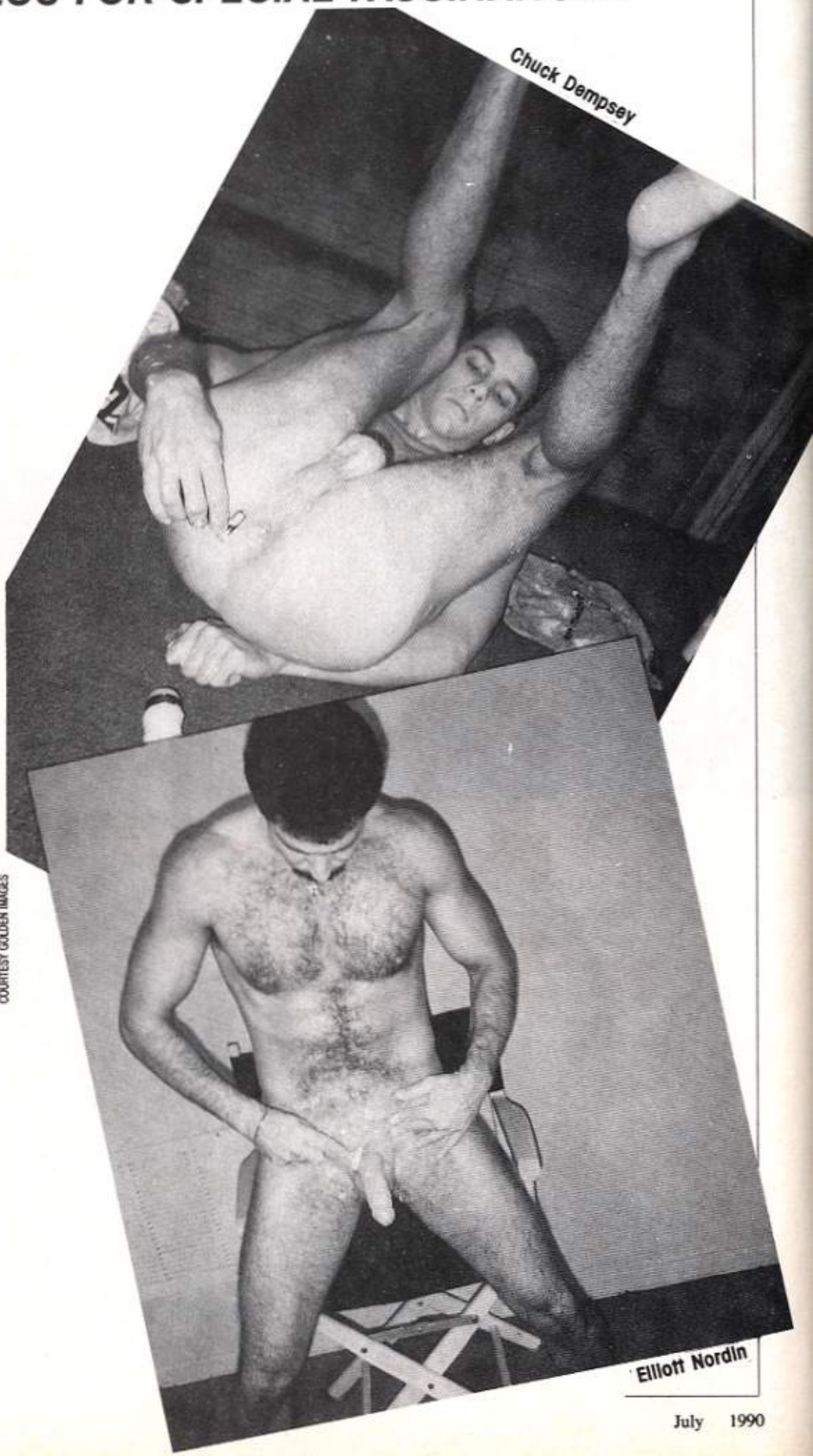
HAIRLESS (1988); Golden Images; Produced and Directed by Brian Connors; No other production credits. Cast: Elliott Nordin; Jonathan Peres; Chuck Dempsey; Art Ramsay. Running time: 111 minutes.

One might be surprised — as this reviewer was — to discover how hot a shaving video could be — especially when one considers that each of the four segments, which comprise *Hairless* consists of nothing more than *self*-shaving, followed by self-dickfisting. This is not a tape, then, with an S & M mindset, where a young man is punished by his master and removed of his body hair; these four young men not only perform the barbering on themselves, but thoroughly enjoy each and every single minute of their self-depilation.

There is no background music or sound effects, and the only sounds the viewer hears are those of foam being pumped from an aerosol can, the hum of electric shavers or clippers, and from time to time, the sighs of the young men as they become so self-aroused they find themselves pumping out their juicy loads.

This approach to shaving works in terms of getting the viewer aroused, although each segment has its pluses and minuses.

In the first segment, we see a young, moustachioed Latin (Jonathan Peres), diamond stud in the ear. Sitting in a tub,



COURTESY GOLDEN IMAGES

nude, he systematically proceeds to remove every follicle of body hair, fondly and lovingly, until he seems almost surprised by the beauty of his young, upright cock when it's shorn of all its surrounding hair. Once he's finished with the shaving, he sits down and gives some serious attention to that horny dick of his, pumping it leisurely until it's a nice, stiff piece of dickmeat. It spurts a fountainlike wad in every direction, with some of the jism landing on his bare belly. He seems genuinely fascinated by the load he's pumping out, and he milks every last drop.

The second episode features a dark brunet (Elliott Nordin) with hair all over his upper torso. He's aroused from the minute the camera first focuses on him, and his dick (a perfect piece of cut prickmeat) never gets much softer than semihard. He spends a long time rubbing plenty of baby oil into his chest and groin before taking off the hair from his pubes and balls — but not his chest — with a double-bladed razor. He's assuredly proud of his photogenic cock, and he shows it off, stroking it with pride and pleasure.

The third sequence is the longest, and it features a brunet youth (Chuck Dempsey) with no facial hair. The most teasing of the sequences (because of the length of time it takes for him to finally reveal his cock), the scene lacks some of the heat of the first two. Still, it's clearly evident that he enjoys shaving cream *and* shaving as much as any man who's come before him. And for an extra fillip, he keeps his butt plugged with a dildo throughout the process.

The fourth solo is the shortest, and it's all business as this particular dark-haired Latin (Art Ramsay) shears himself, removing all his body hair before relieving himself of his spunk.

If shaving videos in the past haven't done a thing for you, give *Hairless* a chance. It's got an edge — you might say, the razor's edge — over others in the genre. [B.B.]

HAIRLESS is available from Golden Images, 11684 Ventura Blvd., Suite 655-M, Studio City, CA 91604 for $65.00 plus $3.00 postage and handling. Visa and MasterCard accepted. Specify VHS or Beta. Or call toll free 1-800-426-5788. In California call 1-818-508-1867. Mention *Manshots* for a $5.00 discount.

COURTESY SOHO VIDEO

Karen Dior in KAREN'S BI-LINE

BISEXUAL

KAREN'S BI-LINE (1989); Soho Video; Directed by Chi Chi LaRue; No other production credits. Cast: Karen Dior; Joey Stefano; Sharon Kane; Andrew Michaels; Alex Lovelance; Jimmy Pike. Running time: 70 minutes.

Pansexual might be a better heading under which to classify *Karen's Bi-Line*, for there are very few sexual variations it misses. The story starts out with Sharon Kane, an employee of a telephone sex service, taking on a new customer (Alex Lovelance). In the middle of it all, there comes a pounding on the door. It is a burglar (Joey Stefano) with a gun. Soon, however, all three are locked in the throes of bisexual passion, with the customer eating Ms. Kane's pussy, while Stefano eats his ass. Next the customer and the burglar sixty-nine while the lady fingers herself, watching in fascination. Before the session is over, the burglar fucks her, and come all over her ass, the customer fucks her doggy style, and winds up jerking off on the burglar's chest. Both Kane and Stefano are then congratulated on their fine performances by the customer, who promises to use "Karen's Bi-Line" again. It is a strong opener.

Next, the "Bi-Line" sends Karen Dior to service a shy young man (Andrew Michaels, in granny glasses) who wants a blowjob, which he certainly gets. When Michaels' hands begin to wander, and he discovers his partner is a she-male, he doesn't really care — what's happening feels too good. Soon the kissing escalates into a sizzling sixty-nine, and in the end, the shy guy turns out to be a quick learner, and the hooker, a dynamite teacher — they come all over each other.

In the next scene, Michaels' friend (Jimmy Pike) comes over, and the two of them slip into a bathtub together, first sucking each other, and then, getting hotter and hotter, switch to safer sex assfucking. This is arguably the hottest scene in the film, with the two young cuties eagerly exploring each other. You can almost believe it's the first time.

After a lesbian scene with Karen and Sharon, out on a call, the man for whom they are performing soon joins in. When

Karen reveals that she is a man, the fun really begins, with no orifice left unfilled.

The film ends rather abruptly at this point, and though there are hot moments in every sequence, *Karen's Bi-Line* is an uneven film. The situations are cleverly inventive, the sexplay has something for everyone, the cast is strong — and that bathtub scene is just too good to resist. It alone makes this film worth a viewing. [W.R.]

KAREN'S BI-LINE is available from Soho Video, 16132 Hart Street, Van Nuys, CA 91406 for $49.95 plus $3.00 postage and handling. Specify VHS or Beta. Or call toll free 1-800-962-0461.

SOLOS

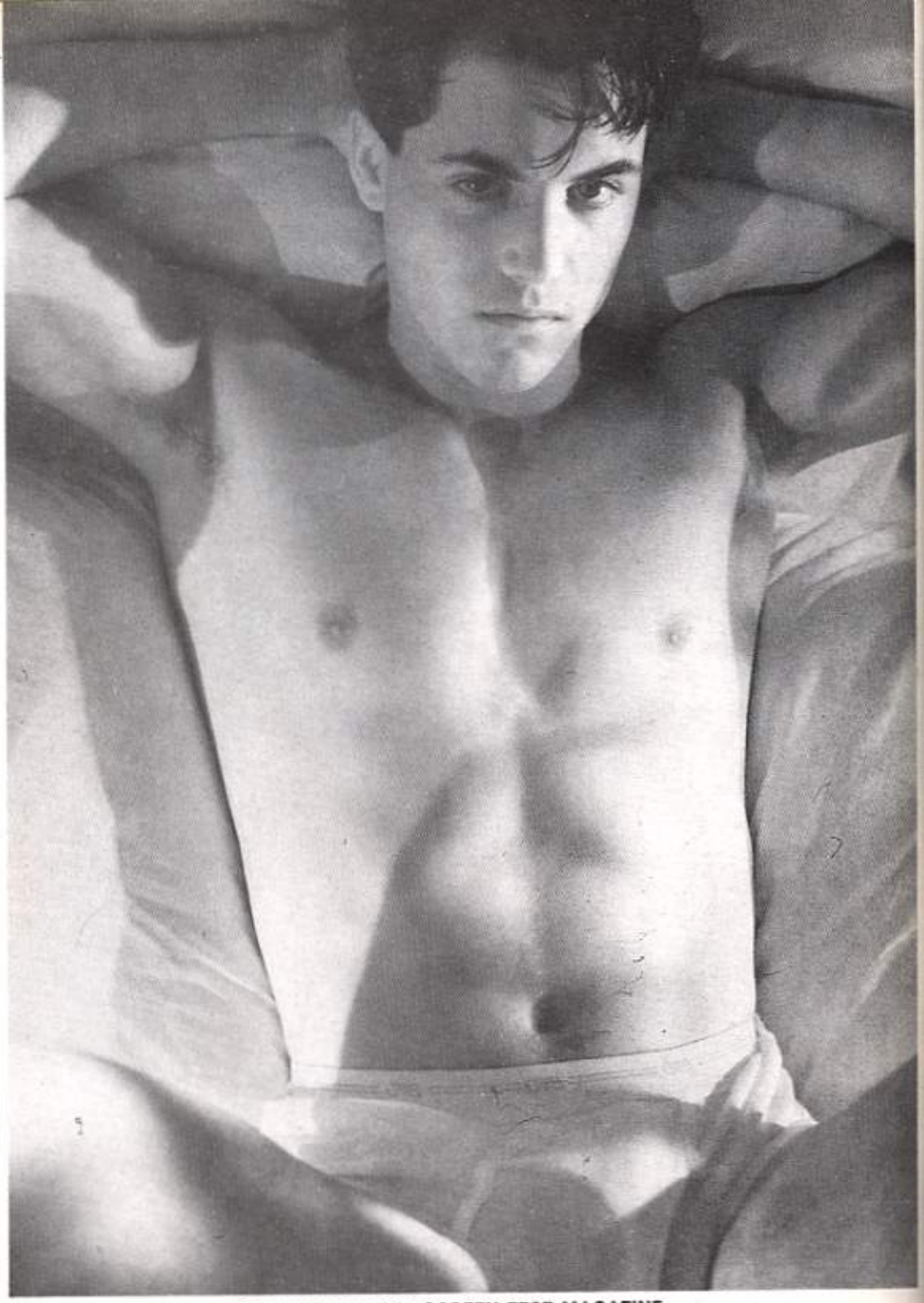
SCREEN TEST MAGAZINE (1989); Summers Entertainment Group; Directed by John Summers; Make-up by Tom Lane; Art Director, John Summers. Cast: Rex Chandler; Danny Ozmond; Adam Grant; Michael White; Lonn Flexx; Vince Cabretti; Damian Michaels. Running time: 71 minutes.

A bit different from other interview videos, John Summers' *Screen Test Magazine* never uses an off-camera voice for questioning its subjects. In addition, the editing is first-rate. So often in this kind of video, the camera stays locked on the interviewee, and little, if any, editing is performed. Instead, with *Screen Test,* we get clips of answers that are prefaced onscreen beforehand with short titles such as "What Drives Him?" It's effective, for the answers frequently sound like stream of consciousness soliloquies, and Summers' camera is rarely stationary.

Though you may have seen some of these boys in man-to-man action in other vids, it's nevertheless interesting to hear their various answers to certain questions that probably most viewers would ask them if given the chance. One gets to know them as individuals, which heightens the subsequent solo sex scenes.

Rex Chandler, the statuesque blond, is up first, and although his segment at first seems typical — we watch him jerk off in a shower — it's done in a way that makes a familiar situation seem fresh and new, and wet sex freaks won't be disappointed in the least.

After learning what Lonn Flexx thinks about his mother ("the most influential person in my life . . . a role model"), the viewer is treated to a striking glimpse of his self-arousal. The young stud gets into a tub and shoves a bidet hose up his asshole, fucking himself with the steel tube until his jism spurts out everywhere.



Danny Osmond in SCREEN TEST MAGAZINE

Adam Grant, a self-described "thrill-seeker," and a Jeff Stryker lookalike, starts playing with himself through his white BVD's, even during the interview. When he starts talking about his foot fetish, he slowly removes his sneakers and socks. It's a very hot strip sequence, and it's all worth the teasing wait when one finally gets a glimpse of that impressive dick of his. His candid confessions about his fascination with his own dick, plus his moans and groans, will lure the viewer on to shoot his load while watching Grant pump his own dickstick off.

Michael White is almost the old Calvin Klein underwear billboard come to life. An especially fascinating facet of this blond stud of a looker is that he has an enormous piss-slit that will have the viewer aching to poke his tongue right through his TV screen.

Vince Cabretti, a humpy number from Long Island; Damian Michaels, a big body builder who likes pets; and Danny Ozmond, who has beautiful bedroom eyes, complete the video, which exudes the sleek, chic look that usually characterizes director Summers' work. The performers, without exception, are top cal-

COURTESY AVG

Adam Grant in SCREENTEST MAGAZINE

iber, and the interview sequences are as arousing as the hand action. Rarely have we seen skin stars so naked... psychologically. [B.B.]

SCREEN TEST MAGAZINE is available from Champions, 8721 Santa Monica Blvd., Suite 37, West Hollywood, CA 90069 for $49.95 including postage and handling. Visa and MasterCard accepted. Specify VHS or Beta. Or call toll free 1-800-726-1610. In California, call 1-213-854-3540. Offer void where prohibited by law.

WHIPPING

THE 15 TAPE (1988); An R. Cates Film; Camera, R. Cates; Editing, R. Cates; No other technical or cast credits listed. Running time: 60 minutes.

The entire action of this sexual documentary takes place in the dungeon of The 15 Association, a well known S & M club in San Francisco. Most of the action in the film is devoted to men being tied down and whipped, spanked, paddled, and strapped until their asses are red, raw, and in some cases, bleeding. Some of the sexplay can be rather rough to watch, if one is not really into the scene. But if one *is*, or thinks he might be...

Among the spankings, we see an occasional blowjob, performed on and by interesting if not glossy men. These are leathermen, and all the trappings of the leather scene are present in this film. Everyone is dressed in the requisite leather gear — chaps, jackets, boots, goggles, caps — and when these guys hit each other, they do not fool around. The smacks are loud, forceful, and skillfully delivered. The pain inflicted seems palpably real.

It is some time before we see the film's first cum shot, which amounts to a measly

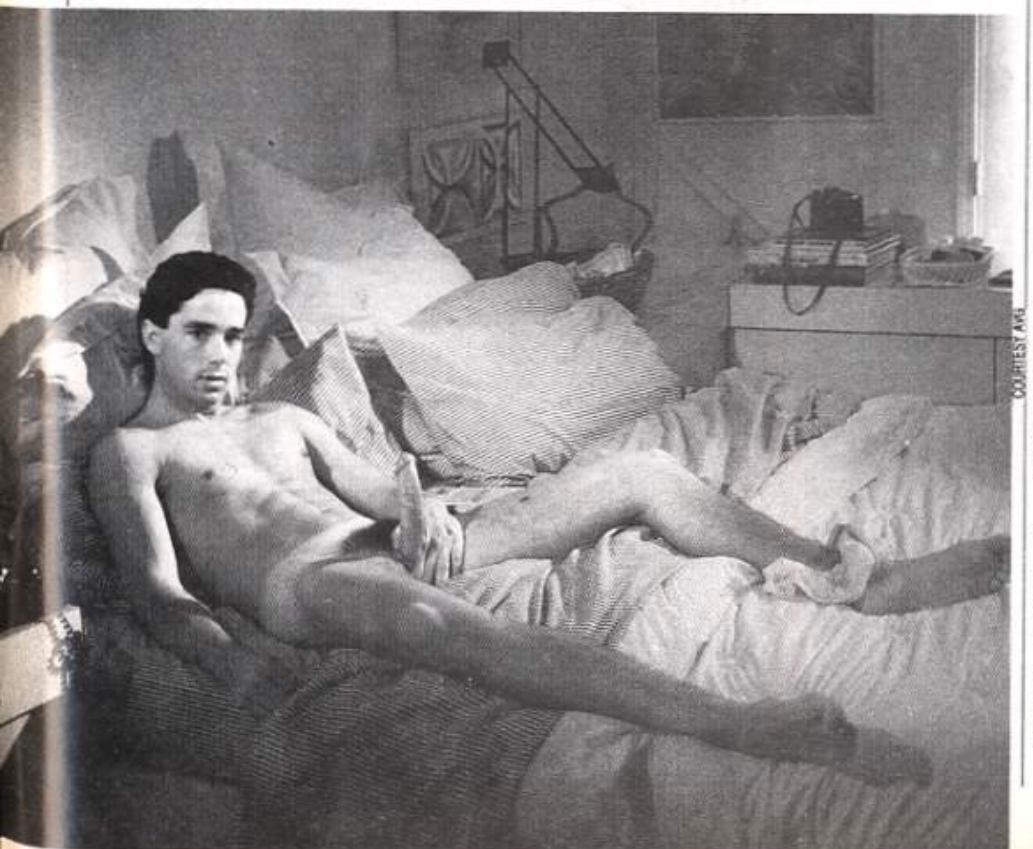
From THE FIFTEEN TAPE

trickle, but we soon get right back to the spanking. One of the most vivid images to witness is that of a bottom whose asscheeks both fairly glisten with blood from the beating he has received over a padded sawhorse. Close-ups of his face, however, suggest contented resignation to his chosen lot.

One of the more intriguing sights is that of a couple, spanking "lovers" who progress from hand spanking on bare ass, to switches, to a paddle, to a leather strap. The spankee is nearly in tears as he is led away after the session, but, you can bet, he doesn't complain.

The last scene, in the dungeon, involves a young bottom having his tits clamped, twisted, and tortured while he jerks off, with his fist handcuffed to his cock. Unlike the rest of the film, however, we can see a point of view in this scene, we can see the pleasure of the bottom, who ultimately unloads an impres-

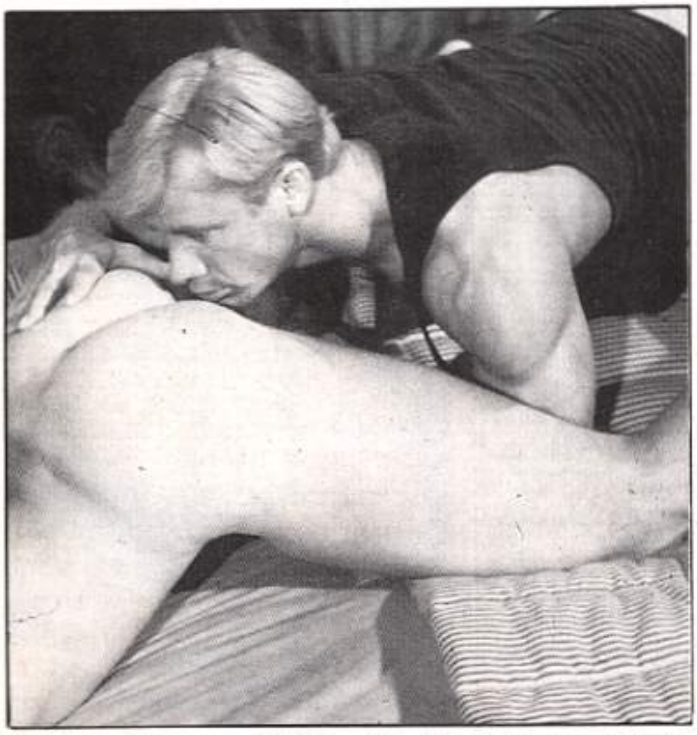
(Continued on page 81)



COURTESY AVG

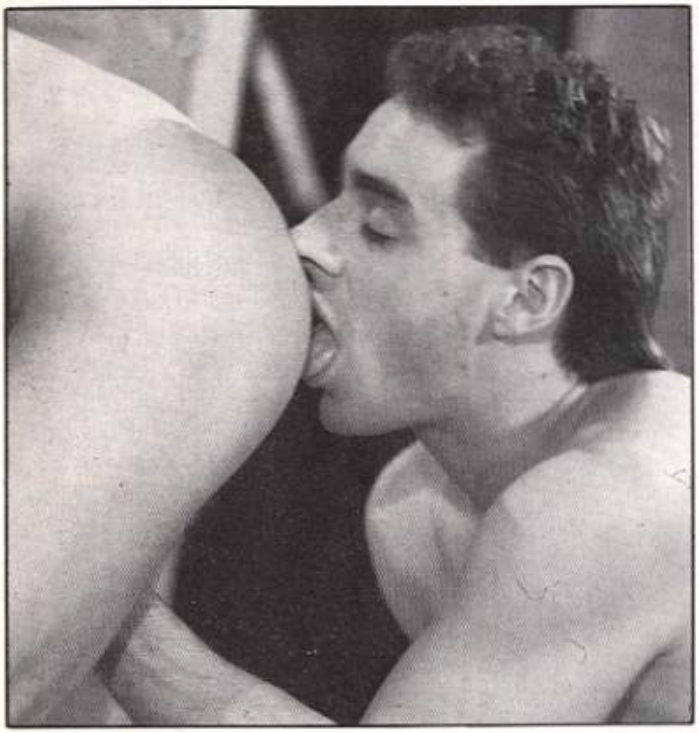
Lou Cass in SCREENTEST MAGAZINE

RIM SHOTS

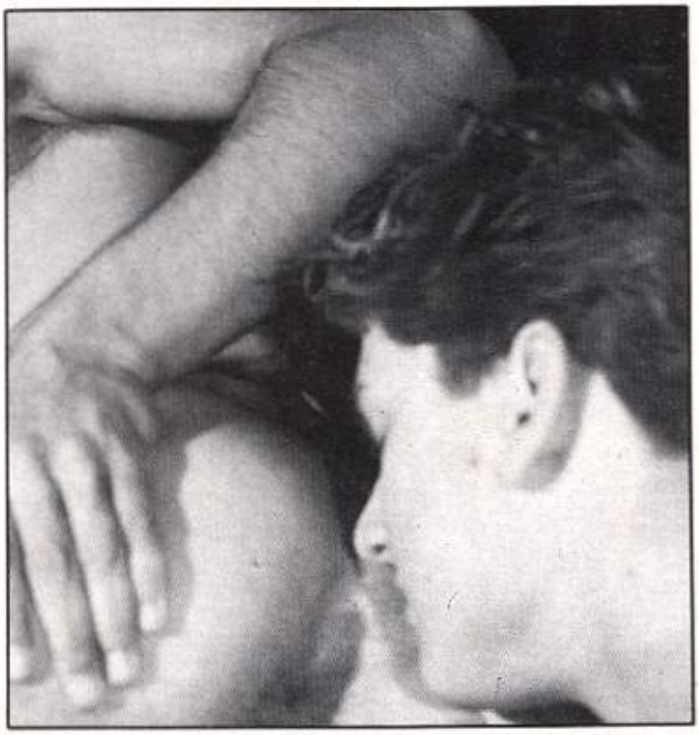


1) The ass belongs to Rex Chandler. Who's the blond body builder in this racy romance?

2) The ass belongs to Nick Mauro. Who's the baby-faced browser in this play-for-pay pic?

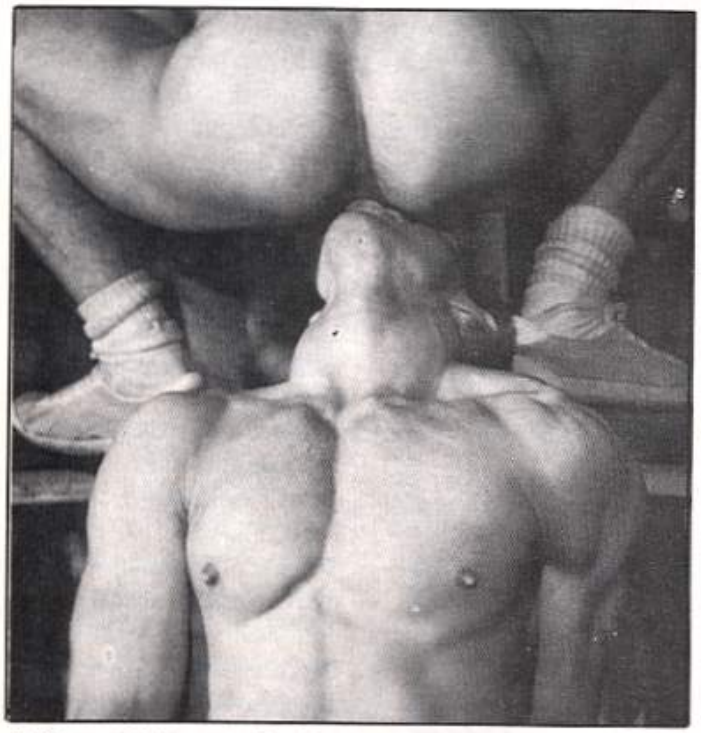


3) The ass belongs to Sparky O'Toole. Who's the gobbling gourmet in this military school saga?



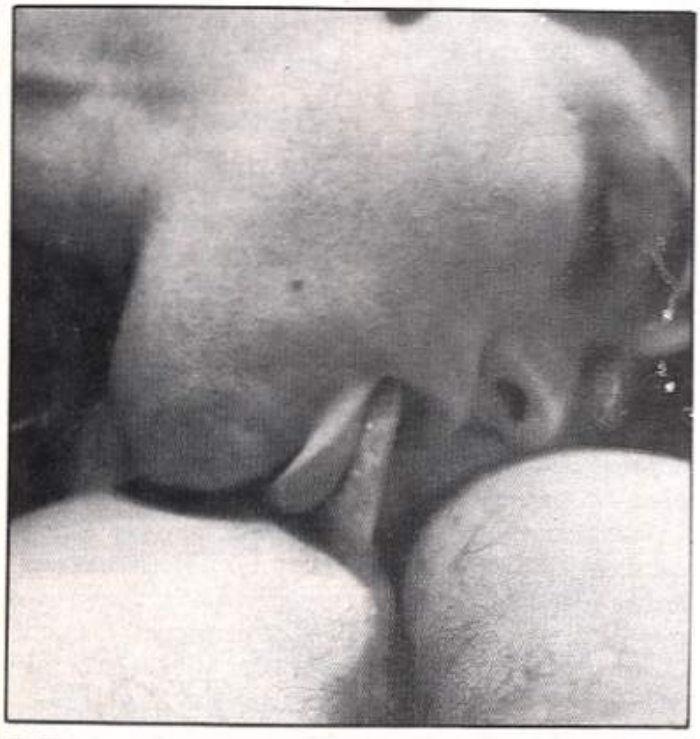
4) The ass belongs to Christopher Lance. Who's the hungry hitchhiker in this raunchy roadshow?

So you're starving for a little backdoor brunch, he said with tongue-in-cheek. Well, chow down with these hungry men. We'll tell you whose ass it is; you tell us whose tongue it is for five points each. You get another ten points if you name the film. Answers and scoring can be found on page 81.

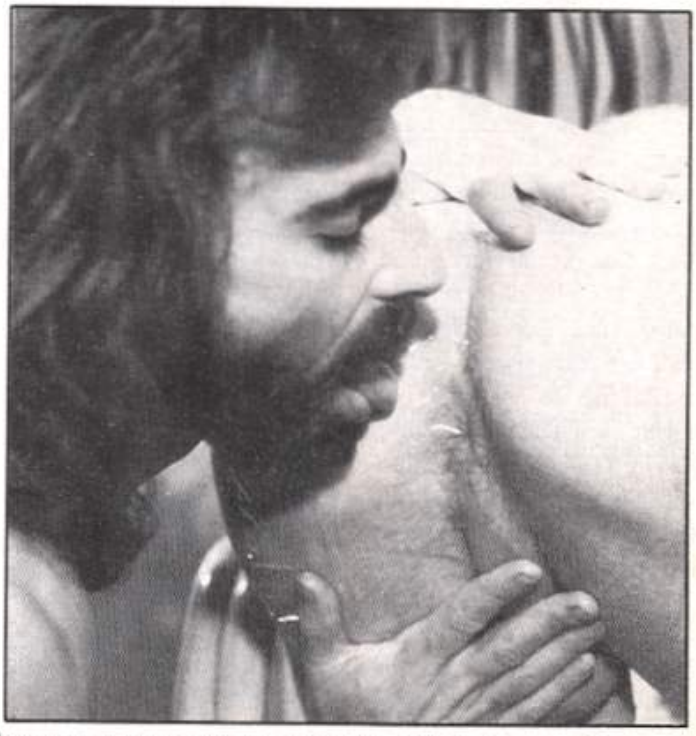


5) The ass belongs to Joe Savage. Who's the nimble nibbler in this athletic marathon?

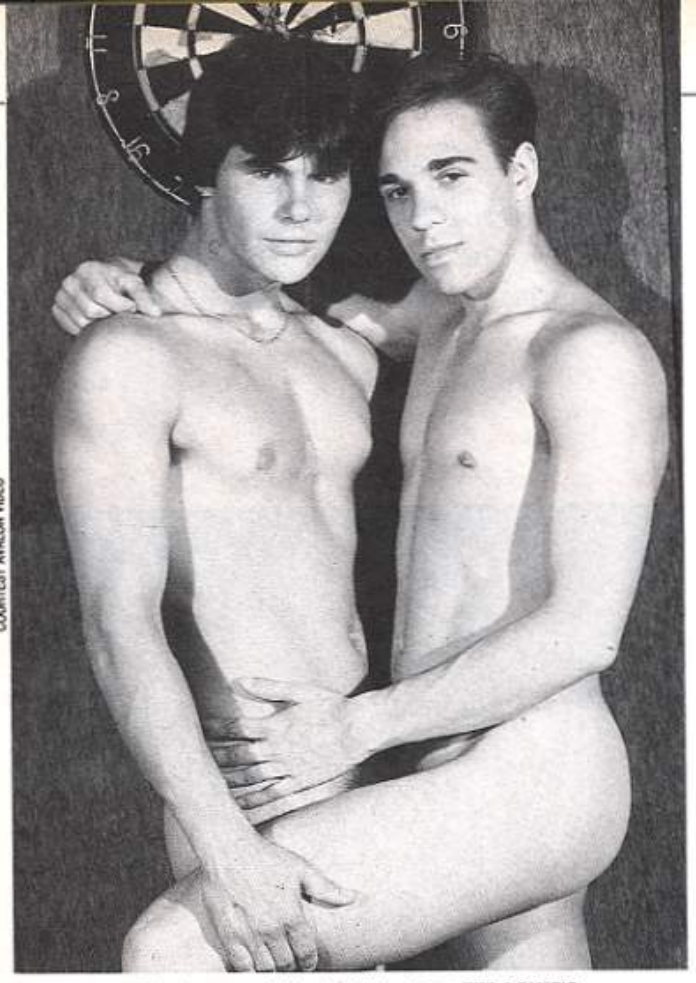
6) The ass belongs to David Ashfield. Who's the moustachioed muncher in this Surge sensation?



7) The ass belongs to Eric Manchester. Who's his banquet buddy in this rural romp?



8) The ass belongs to Justin Cade. Who's the careful connoisseur in this safe sex sizzler?



COURTESY AVALON VIDEO

Tim Lowe and Kevin Wiles from TIM LOWE'S WEEKEND ADVENTURE

NEW VIDEOS

(Continued from page 39)

to be seen again. In this respect, the title is misleading.

Weekend Adventure opens with Lowe asleep. A mysterious stranger (Christian Toth, a/k/a Greg Hauser, a/k/a Hans Mueller) enters his bedroom and seduces him. Next, Steve Cameron has an emergency plumbing job at Danny Cocker's. Meanwhile, Nick Cougar answers an ad Lowe has placed to sell his piano. Then, Lowe gets a letter from Jeff Powers outlining a trip to visit an old friend, Neil Thomas. Finally, Kevin Wiles has a reunion with his married uncle, Brad Phillips, though they have not seen each other in years.

Technically, the film is put together well. The establishing shots set the mood for each scene, and dialogue weaves the episodes together naturally. The sexplay is pleasant enough, but neither the direction nor the editing inspires great excitement.

Lowe is good, but he has been more exciting elsewhere. Cougar makes one of his rare appearances as a bottom. Thomas and Powers create the most passion as friends who rekindle an old affair. Powers is a good addition to the porn arena. Phillips and Wiles appear genuinely aroused by the prospect of an incestuous encounter, but the dialogue drops the uncle-nephew angle after the sex begins, and the excitement of breaking a taboo all but disappears.

As is true of most films made today, rubbers are used during anal insertion. Unlike most films, however, here the process of application is not edited out. Quite naturally, each topman gets up, goes to get a condom, unseals it, and either puts it on himself or has his partner do it. The whole process becomes an integral part of the sex act, and proves titillating as well as essential.

We wish we could be more excited by this film. All the right ingredients are present, but it lacks that magic touch to make it all gel into an entity, to give variety to its eroticism, and to build climax upon climax (both sexually and rhythmically) into a unified whole. *Weekend Adventure* is a good effort that reaches for, but misses, the bull's eye. But, hey, not every film coming out of Hollywood is a blockbuster, either. [T.M.]

TIM LOWE'S WEEKEND ADVENTURE is available from Avalon Video, P.O. Box 3690, Hollywood, CA 90028 for $59.95 plus $3.00 postage and handling. Visa and MasterCard accepted. Specify VHS or Beta. Or call toll free 1-800-222-9622.

RAM MAN

RAM MAN (1989); Stallion Video; No production credits listed. Cast: Roberto Arias; Dany Brown; Brandon Wells; Brad Carlton; Matt Hawks; Rod Lance. Running time: 73 minutes.

One of the perenially popular characters in adult films is the private eye, and the latest skin star to assay such a role is Roberto Arias in *Ram Man*. Arias cuts a striking macho figure, exudes a smoldering sexuality, and performs with all the hard-boiled, dispassionate cool that is associated with such a type. In fact, he seems to be ideal casting until his thick Spanish accent intrudes upon the dialogue, and this is unfortunate in a role where he must reveal a lot of information the audience needs to know.

Like most X-rated detective stories, *Ram Man* has more plot than the average skin flick, but has only intermittent success in melding the narrative and erotic lines. It is neither the best nor the worst of the current spate of such mysteries (*Undercover, Private Dick, Dreaming About Dick*). Its plot — something about a man (Brad Carlton) who contacts Arias because he is receiving death threats, or so he says — is not nearly as interesting as the sex scenes. Whenever Arias (and the rest of the cast, for that matter) stop talking and start fucking, *Ram Man* improves noticeably.

There are five explicit sequences: Brandon Wells (as Arias' assistant) insinuates himself into Carlton's household after a job interview that makes carnally clear what his duties will be; Arias is seduced by Dany Brown (who plays Carlton's horny live-in lover); Matt Hawks (as another houseboy) catches Wells snooping and demands a fuck in return for his silence; a threeway brings together Wells, Hawks, and Rod Lance, though what Lance is doing in the house is never made precisely clear; and the finale, in which Arias and Carlton finally make it, providing a twist ending for the production.

Skillfully photographed, *Ram Man* is especially successful in its visualization of the sex scenes. The Wells-Carlton coupling is a triumph of camera work and editing over the performances, since neither man is a very passionate performer, but both give head with skill in this predominantly oral scene. The Arias-Brown sequence is highlighted by Brown's

whispered litany of exhortations as he is being fucked — he does seem to be an insatiable bottom. The Wells-Hawk duet is only intermittently successful; Hawks sweats a lot, and Wells' ecstasy seems far more vociferous than the situation warrants, and therefore seems faked. The Wells-Hawk-Lance threeway is inventive and heated. Though Hawk has some trouble keeping it up, he still cuts a glorious figure, and Lance remains hard throughout, though almost motionless, the eye of the storm. The final connection, Arias and Carlton, is a fitting cap to the proceedings, as topman Arias meets his match in bottom Carlton.

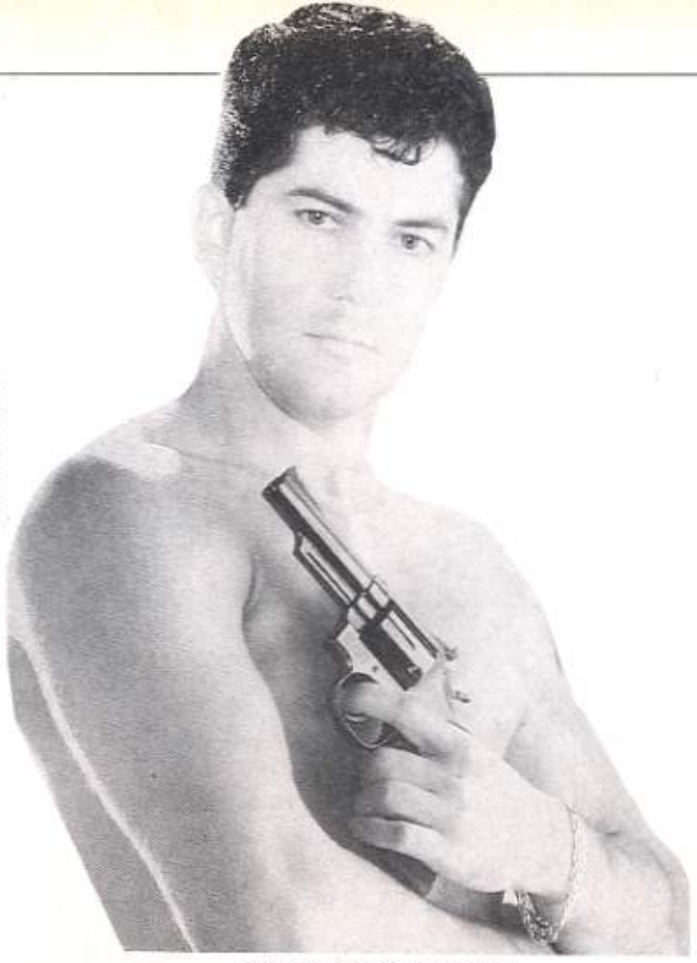
There are no production credits listed on this cassette, and so we cannot praise by name the videographer or the director, both of whom should be mentioned for their professional, if not perfect, work on this modest little production. [T.U.]

RAM MAN is available from Leisure Concepts, P.O. Box 1900, Gary, Ind. 46409 for $24.95. Visa and MasterCard accepted. Specify VHS or Beta.

TENDER TRICK

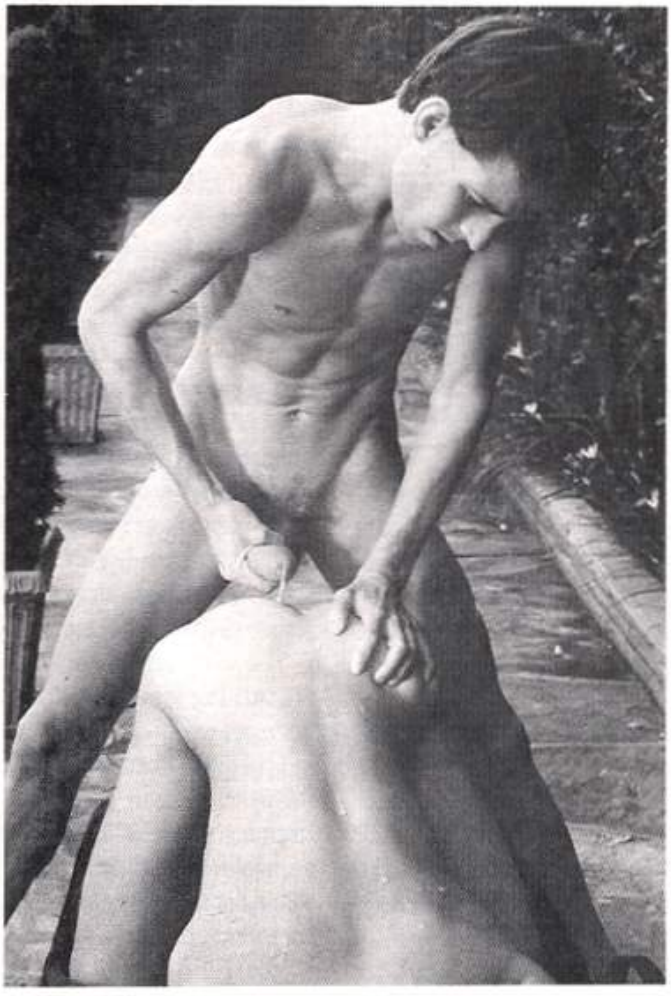
TENDER TRICK: SANTA MONICA BLVD. (1989); Produced and Directed by Street Times Video; No other technical credits listed. Cast: Justin Blanchard; Michael Brandon; Tony Chase; Ted Cox; Christopher Jacobs; Paul Michaels; Mark Miller; Michael Moore; Danny Ozmond; Michael White. Running time: 84 minutes.

Tender Trick, subtitled *Santa Monica Blvd.*, is the second release from Street Times Video. As with its first film, the company has assembled a series of loops around a theme — this time, the kinds of guys who hang out on Santa Monica Boulevard. For the most part, the film is filled with pseudo-chicken — guys who are of legal age, but just barely.



COURTESY STALLION VIDEO

Roberto Arias in RAM MAN

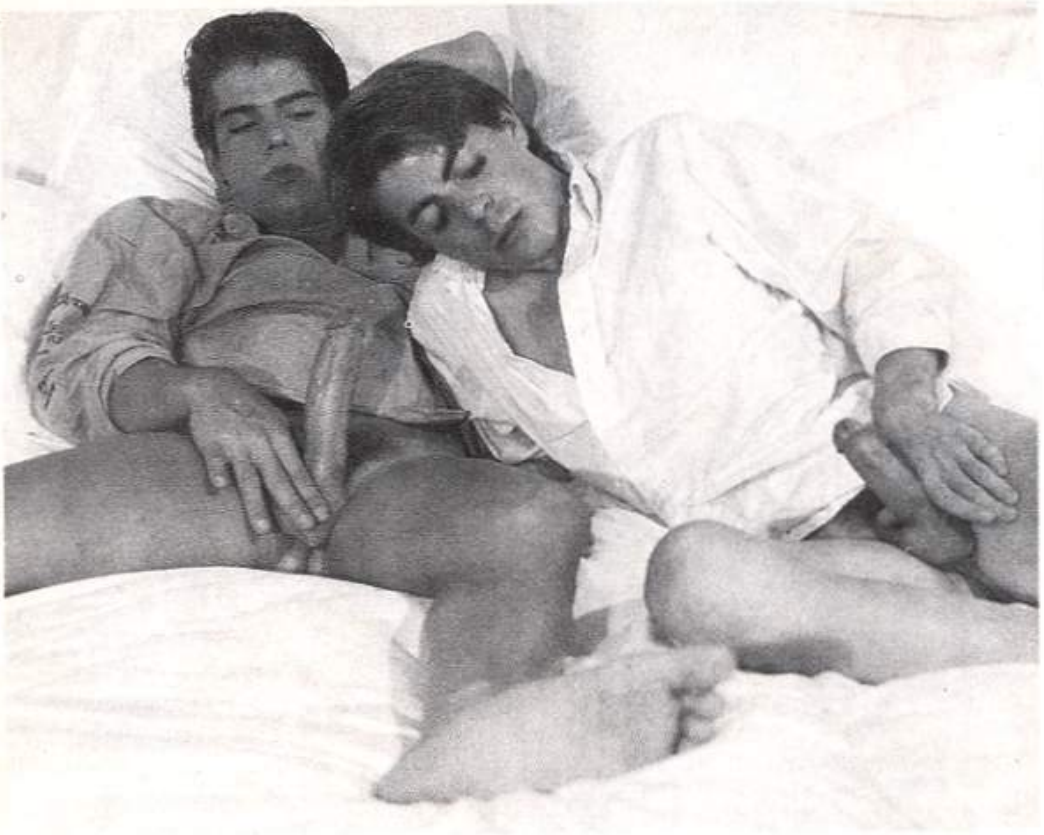


COURTESY AVG

Michael Moore and Michael Brandon in TENDER TRICK

The scenes include a solo jerkoff, a teacher/student duo, the same instructor and his student teacher, a bicyclist and a humpy kid, two high school friends, and a hustler and a kept boy.

We'd like to tell you more about the film, but it is impossible to determine whether this is a good one or not. Throughout the entire eighty-four minutes, the words PROMOTIONAL COPY, NOT FOR SALE are spread in thick white letters across the lower part of the [illegible]re, filling up a quarter [illegible] the screen. We have encountered similar wording at times in other films — it is a practice common in the straight market that is now moving into gay video — but never to the extent here. In the past, if lettering appeared, the words were kept to a minimum, remained small in size, took up only one line, sometimes appeared at intervals, and/or were transparent enough to see through to the action they covered. We found these annoying enough to break our concentration on the action, but they were nothing compared to this video. It is absolutely impossible, given the size and the bright white opaqueness of the double line of letters, to block them out mentally. Consequently, for this viewer, every time the action started to get interesting, the focal point of the scene shifted to that lower quarter. Sucking, fucking, hand-jobs, and even some



COURTESY AVG

Ted Cox and Christopher Jacobs in TENDER TRICK

cum shots are significantly blocked by the words. Fantasy and mood are broken.

We realize that the consumer, when buying or renting a copy of this film, will not run into this difficulty. For the magazine to receive such a copy for review, though, makes little sense. It suggests that the producer does not trust what will happen to a courtesy copy once it has left his hands. On the other hand, it also seems to us that a producer would want a critic to view his film under the best possible conditions, and this — or any such lettering — is definitely not that.

You are on your own with this one. [T.M.]

TENDER TRICK is available from Champions, 8721 Santa Monica Boulevard, Suite #37, West Hollywood, CA 90069 for $49.95 including postage and handling. Visa and MasterCard accepted. Specify VHS or Beta. Or call toll free 1-800-726-1610. In California, call 1-213-854-3540. Offer void where prohibited by law.

WARLORDS

WARLORDS (1989); Video 10; By Attraction; Executive Producer, Princeton Steel; Produced and Directed by Tyler Von; Screenplay by Tyler Von and D.W. Parks; Sound by Breeze; First Assistant Director, D.W. Parks; Second Assistant Director, Paulie. Cast: Alan Lambert; Carlo Reese; Niel Thomas; Jake Seavors; Matthew Windsor; Grant King; Lou Cruz; Kevin Young. Running time: 66 minutes.

Tyler Von deserves credit for innovation. As in his *Wolfboy*, he has attempted to avoid the common contemporary storylines generally seen in today's erotic films. Like *The Beastmaster*, *Warlords* is set thousands of years ago in an era of warriors, power-mongers, and slaves. An evil warlord (Niel Thomas — first name spelled as it is in the film credits) uses his magical powers to snare and enslave boys to satisfy his sexual urges. The plot is so full of holes and dead ends that it would be fruitless to try to describe it any further.

Perhaps the best thing in the film is the costumes. They are well executed (though the costumer is unbilled) reflecting a time of sandals, loin cloths, and odd-shaped fur pelts. Pieces of roughhewn, handmade jewelry adorn the bodies. The evil warlord wears a crown of black feathers reminiscent of the one in Michael Zen's *Falconhead* epics. But, as some critics murmured at the Broadway opening of *Camelot*, costumes do not a musical make.

The sex lacks any sensuality, turning what could have been an exciting theme into a crashing bore. The performers, most of whom have impressive credits, lack inspiration. This is not to say there are not some good moments. A four-way rutting at the film's end, although uneven, is titillating. The best scene in the film is undoubtedly the first — between Lou Cruz and Kevin Young. Despite Cruz's obviously dubbed-in voice (that sounds as though he is reading his dialogue), Young brings a submissive excitement to being ravaged by his master.

These are the other sex scenes: Alan Lambert and Carlo Reese as another warrior and slave; Grant King and Matthew Windsor, as attendants to the evil warlord, stealing a little from Reese's honeypot as they abduct him for their master; Lambert and Jake Seavors (a/k/a Brett Williams, and not to be confused with Jake Seever of the Texas-based Trac Productions) as two friendly warriors after the same goal; and finally Thomas, King, and Windsor enslaving Seavors.

Miscellany: Thomas' evil laugh is embarrassingly laughable; the cockney accents of real-life lovers Windsor and King add an amusing overtone to their chiding banter; the rubber false-face and hands on an unbilled wise man/prophet destroy the ancient era fantasy, as does Lambert's trendy burr haircut and the zebra-patterned cotton sheet used in one fuck scene; condoms — not of the era — are wisely used in compromise to today's needs; most scenes take place outdoors, which is refreshing.

Warlords is a good idea that in more capable hands might have realized its potential. Von seems to lack the expertise to bring his visions to the screen, resulting in a wearying mishmash. Too bad for the talented cast whose efforts are drowned in a sea of tedium. [T.M.]

WARLORDS is available from Video 10. For mail order information, call toll free 1-800-54-VID-10.

WILD SHOTS

(Continued from page 62)

sive load all over his stomach — a potent payoff to the scene, and the film, as well. The film ends with The 15 Association's float coming down Market Street on Gay Pride Day. Many of the men we have just seen getting beaten are there, smiling and waving.

For big S & M fans, this film may prove to be a fascinating experience — for others, it may be too gross in spots. But this is the real thing. There's no faking it in *The 15 Tape.* [W.R.]

THE 15 TAPE is available from The 15 Association, P.O. Box 421302, San Francisco, CA 94142 for $50.00 including postage and handling. Check or money order only. Specify VHS or Beta.

RIM SHOTS ANSWERS

1) Butch Taylor in *Made for You*; 2) David Dodge in *The Hustlers*; 3) Mike Gregory in *Young Cadets*; 4) Grant Fagan in *The Young and the Hung*; 5) Jeff Converse in *Spring Training*; 6) Michael Charles in *Strange Places, Strange Things*; 7) Steve Ross in *They Grow 'Em Big*; 8) Al Parker in *Turbo Charge*.

Scoring:

0-40 . . . . . Blind
45-70 . . . . . Indifferent
75-100 . . . . . Appreciative
105-120 . . . . . Fixated

PARTING SHOTS

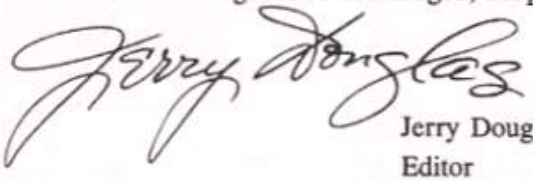
Anti-pornography zealots throughout the nation have, in recent years, adapted a wide variety of weapons in battling those who disagree with them. One of the most successful instruments has been the use of licensing legislation and zoning ordinances to put out of business anyone who sells sexually oriented materials — either by containing such shops in a commercially unfavorable area or by keeping such a shop closed indefinitely through the delays of governmental red tape.

As a result, there has been a notable shrinkage in the number of outlets available for such publications. Fewer and fewer retailers have been willing to risk the notoriety of being branded a "smut peddler," not to mention the costs involved in lengthy, highly publicized lawsuits — even though the judicial system has often been kinder to such defendants than the media or the Court of Public Opinion has. Again and again, mom and pop store owners have simply decided that to eliminate the offending publications from their shelves is easier than to assume the financial burdens threatened by The New Right.

That is why the recent Supreme Court decision rejecting Dallas, Texas' licensing ordinance (that regulated sexually oriented businesses) is so significant. Although the ordinance required the chief of police to issue (or deny) licenses within thirty days, no time limits were placed on other municipal inspection agencies, nor did the ordinance provide for immediate judicial review in cases where refusal to license was challenged by the retailer.

The decision was comforting in that it suggests a citizen's right to privacy and the First Amendment's guarantee of free speech quite rightly override any local obscenity statutes. Certainly it implies that any adult has the right to see or read whatever he chooses in the privacy of his own home. Had the Supreme Court (in its 6-3 ruling) not stayed the ordinance, it is reasonable to assume that by now every store selling explicit materials in the state of Texas would be closed.

Justice John Paul Stevens summed up the situation in his opinion thus: "Signs which identify the 'adult' character of a motion picture theatre or of a bookstore convey the message that sexually provocative entertainment is to be found within . . . Such signs . . . provide a warning to those who find erotic materials offensive that they should stop elsewhere for other kinds of books, magazines, or entertainment. Under any sensible regulatory scheme, truthful description of subject matter that is pleasing to some and offensive to others ought to be encouraged, not punished."



Jerry Douglas
Editor

COMING ATTRACTIONS

BILLBOARD

Catalina's glossy new tale of an artist's search for inspiration, starring Joey Stefano, Adam Grant, Lon Flexx, Vic Summers, and two sizzling newcomers, Chris Ramsey and Chris Stone.

LON FLEXX

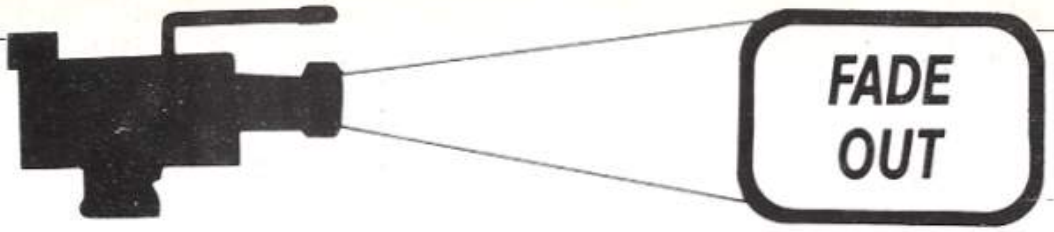
An exclusive interview with the lean brunet who has proved himself a sex machine par excellence in such films as *Davey and the Cruisers, Heat in the Night,* and *Ten Is Enough.*

THE LOCKER ROOM MENTALITY

A thorough look at one of the most popular archetypes in gay erotica, the college jock, as portrayed in such films as *Spring Training, Sizing Up, Tough Competition,* and *These Bases Are Loaded.*

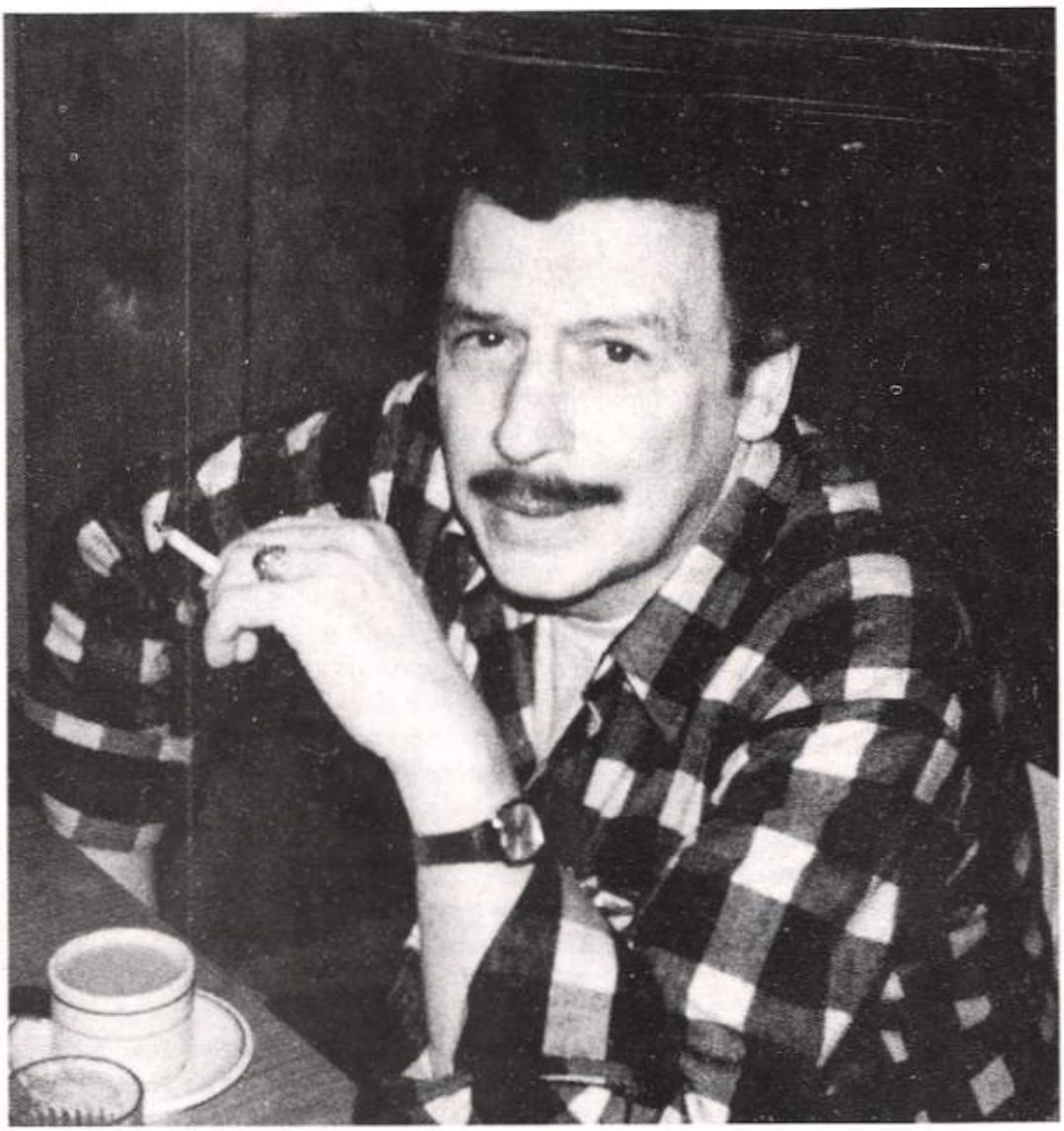
ADAM GRANT

Rob Richards talks to the angry young man who has made a strong impression in such films as *Head of the Class II., View to a Thrill,* and is currently co-starring in *Billboard.*



LOU THOMAS

(1933-1990)



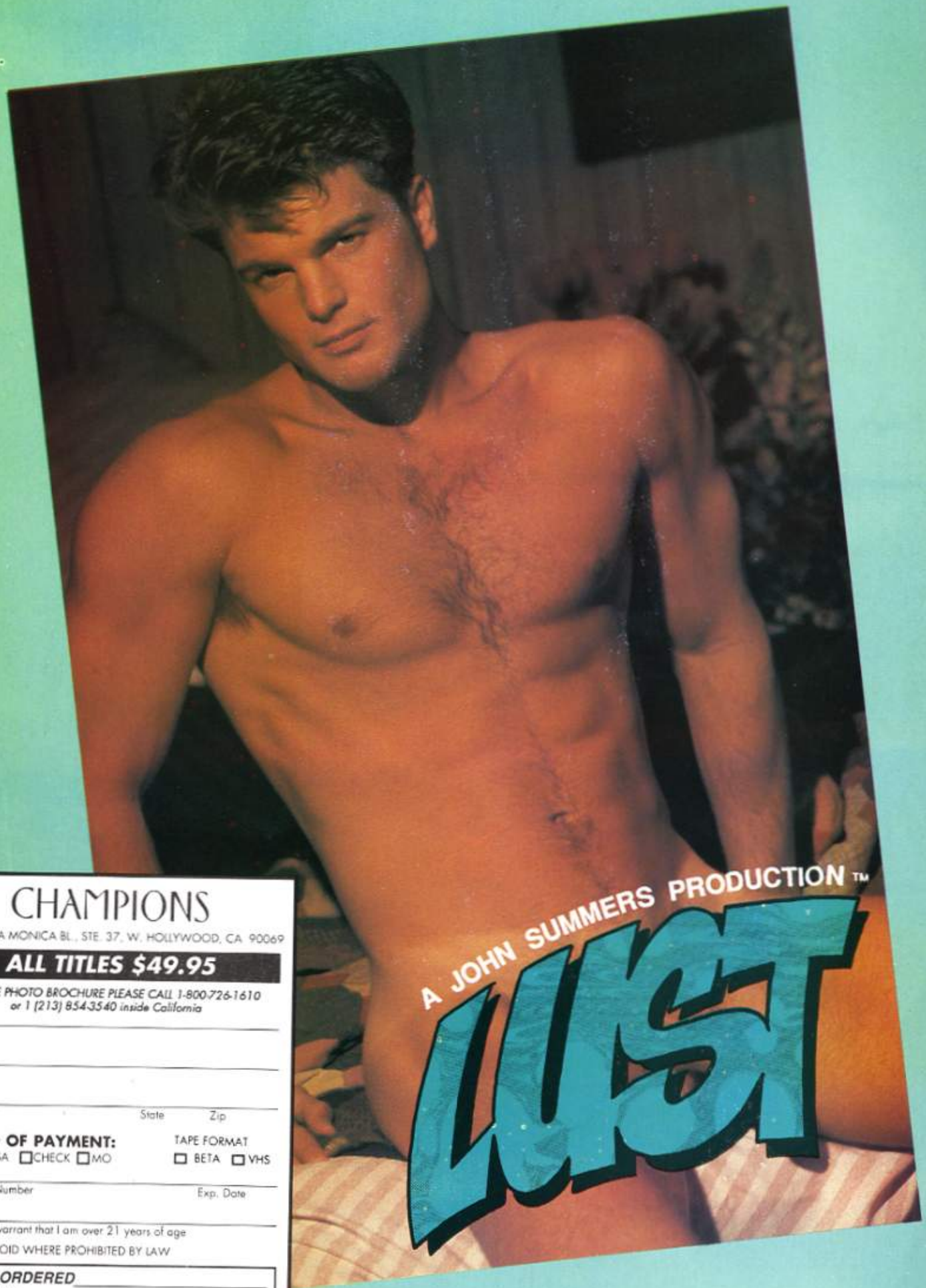
Lou Thomas, the co-founder of both Colt and Target Studios, died of AIDS complications at St. Luke's-Roosevelt Hospital in New York City on January 7, 1990.

Thomas, a second-generation Lebanese-American, was born on March 10, 1933, in Waterville, Maine, where he grew up, developed an interest in photography, and later attended Colby College. After living briefly in Hartford, Connecticut, he moved to New York City to study opera. In 1967, he founded Luger Studios, and in 1969, founded Colt Studios, both in partnership with Jim French. They produced both still photos and film loops, until 1971 when French took over the operation, and Thomas joined with his lover, Bob Lewis, to found Target Studios. From 1971 to 1984 they ran Target Studios and produced films and later videos for their Bullseye Films, as well as publishing such popular all-male magazines as *Ramrod, Javelin, Dart, Lancer,* and *The Target Album.*

Among the many popular early skin stars who began their careers for Thomas' camera were Bruno, Jeremy Brent, Rod Mitchell, Josh Kincaid, Wade Nichols, Dak, Jimmy Hughes, Dennis Walsh, Kyle Hazzard, Bo Gantry, Myles Long, Glenn Dime, and Jeff Cameron.

In 1983, Thomas became affiliated with FirstHand Publications (the publisher of *Manshots*) where he served as editor of *FirstHand, Manscape, Manscape II, Guys,* and *FirstHand Events.* It was in his capacity as that that he wrote the following words (about the gay community's response to the AIDS crisis) in one of his editorials:

"There is a resilience here that will not be denied. We have been here since time immemorial and have overcome countless attempts by the preachers and the politicos and much of the populace to make us disappear, quietly go away. These attempts have not yet succeeded. They never will."



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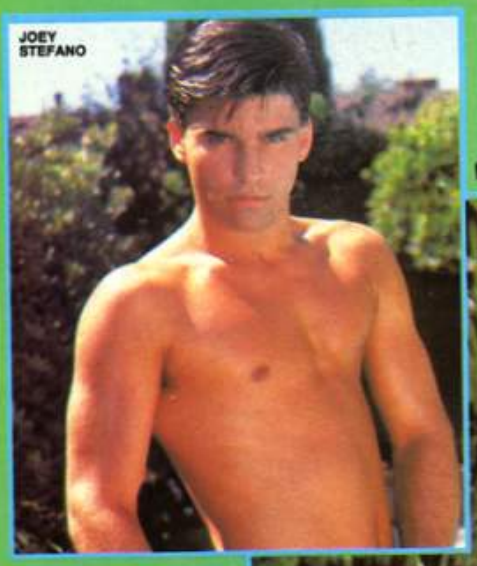

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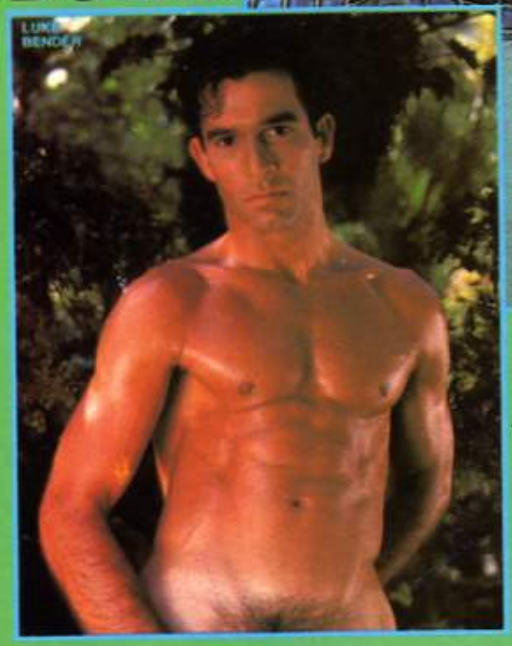

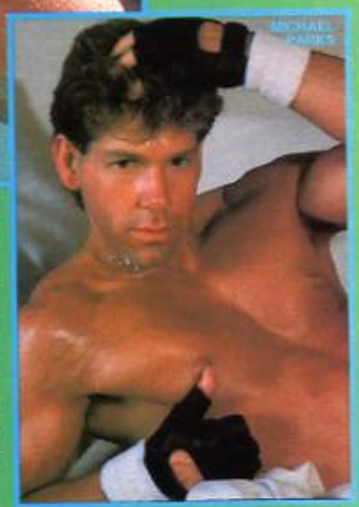

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